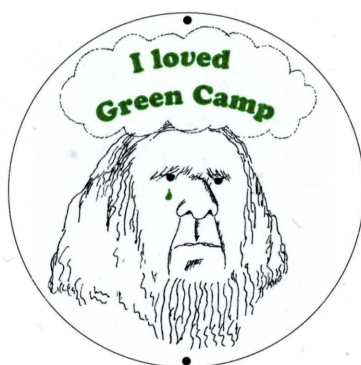






GREEN CAMP: A HISTORY

As part of The Cooper Union's celebration of 140 years of continuous achievement in its metropolitan home on Astor Place, plans to publish this book were discussed at a meeting. One of the students present asked "What was Green Camp?"

What was Green Camp?

In our minds it was Cooper Union's rural Camelot, the college's spot of green where everything seemed magical. Existing from 1939 until its closing in 1973, it was the site of the first visit out of the city for many of Cooper's students. Organized for educational purposes, it also became Cooper's Campus, where interdisciplinary socializing occurred together with serious attention to painting and surveying.

We dedicate this book to three important forces in Green Camp's brief but intense life—to Dr. Edwin Sharp Burdell, the President of Cooper Union whose vision created the camp, to Mary Blade who led it in its last years, and to Harry West, who watched over it with love and devotion on a daily basis.

THE EDITORS

FRONT COVER: ARLINE SIMON, ART '48

*Published in New York 1999 by
The Cooper Union Alumni Association
of The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science & Art
30 Cooper Square, New York, NY 10003*

Copyright © 1999 The Cooper Union

*All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions.
No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form whatsoever without
prior permission in writing from the publisher.*

GREEN CAMP: A CELEBRATION

Editors

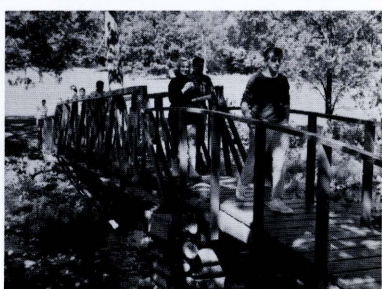
Peter Buckley
Marilyn Hoffner

Designers

Lou Dorfsman
Al Greenberg

Design/Production Associate

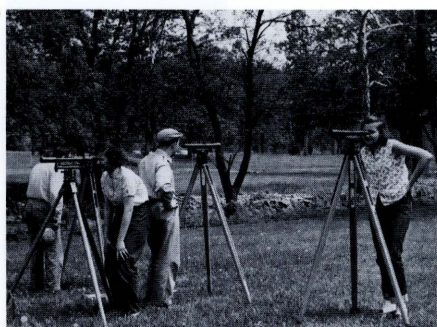
Daesung Harmms



"There was magic for us there."

When, in 1939, President Edwin Burdell announced to the Cooper community Norvin Hewitt Green's initial gift of 151 acres of wooded land in the Ramapo mountains he made the somewhat cryptic remark that part of this new "Green Camp" had always been at the center of Cooper Union. Never given to flights of figurative fancy, Burdell was referring to the real possibility that iron ore from the old Ringwood mines adjacent to the camp had been used to make the beams of the Foundation Building. Green Camp had made Cooper Union, now it was Cooper Union's turn to remake Green Camp.

There were indeed old connections between the sites that were definitely industrial rather than sylvan in origin. As early as the late 16th century the Ringwood area was thought to have workable deposits of iron ore. In 1740, the enterprising Ogden family of Newark founded a settlement near what is now West Milford, Passaic County. Two years later



"When we think of Cooper Union, we think of the Foundation Building, the engineering buildings and Green Camp. They are inseparable."



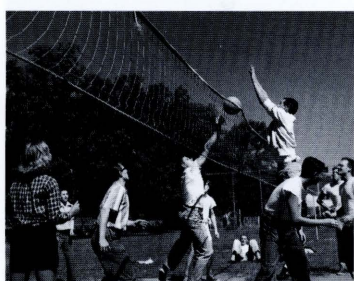
the iron industry formally began at Ringwood when Ogden opened the first charcoal furnace. In 1764, the operations were recapitalized and extended by the London Company employing Peter Hasenclever to bring in German technical expertise. Hasenclever built more furnaces in the immediate area and established a 53,000 acre Ringwood Manor, an iron "plantation" combining the near-medieval institution of a manorial estate with the production of iron. Miners and workers of the forges and furnaces lived on the manor, and surrounding lands were rented to farmers and woodsmen. In 1771, Robert Erskine, a Scotsman, was brought in to become manager of the works and when the Revolutionary war broke out, George Washington commissioned him as Surveyor-General of the Continental army. In 1782, the New Jersey legislature expropriated the mines and furnaces from the British-owned company, but they laid idle till well after the war. Despite some activity in the Jacksonian period, the workings faded into bankruptcy.

*"lush, bucolic counterpoint
to the school's urban campus"*



In 1853, the Ringwood mines and furnaces, roughly half of the old manorial property, were bought at a sheriff's sale by Peter Cooper as supplemental ore supply for the Trenton Iron Works. Cooper brought in his son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, as business manager for the operation, and, as with the previous conflict, a new war made the works profitable. Ringwood supplied much of the iron for the Union's gun carriages and mortars. Yet after Appomatox the profit margins on iron production in New Jersey became increasingly slim. The remoteness of the area was relieved somewhat when the Montclair Railway Company built a line from Pompton to Greenwood Lake in 1875; however, by then iron from the Ramapos was already being replaced by richer, more accessible ore from Minnesota.

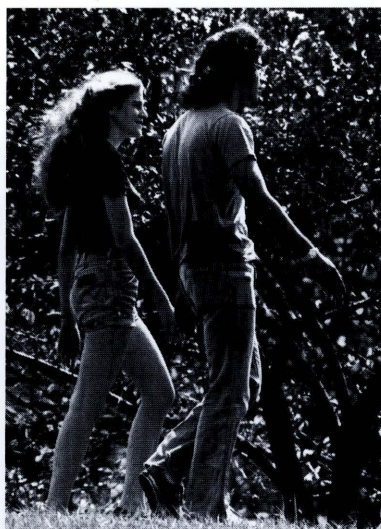
In the summer of 1887, during his exhausting term as mayor of NYC, Abram S. Hewitt moved his family to Ringwood having built on the site of the first manor house of Hasenclever's a new, luxuri-



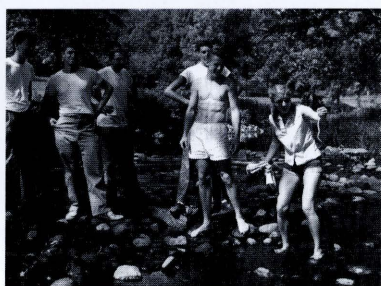
*"it mingled scholastic development
with social development"*

ously appointed, fifty-one room mansion. The Hewitt's presence in the area attracted other wealthy families looking for country seats; in fact, there was a wider Gilded-Age style venture to make the whole area a "club" community with protected hunting preserves. In the early part of the twentieth century, Francis Lynn Stetson, a corporate lawyer for J.P. Morgan (then a Cooper Trustee), bought 1705 acres on the slopes of the Ramapos and developed an estate called Skylands. This manor was rebuilt in 1924 by Clarence Lewis, who acquired the property after Stetson's death. Both the Lewis' and the Hewitt's built other houses; Abram as a wedding gift for his daughter, (sold in 1930 to the Franciscan Sisters as a convent) and Lewis, a beach house on Sheppard lake.

In 1903, what remained on the Manor was inherited by Abram's son Erskine and on his death in 1936 much of the land, including the house, was deeded to the State of New Jersey for a public park



"the high point in my education"

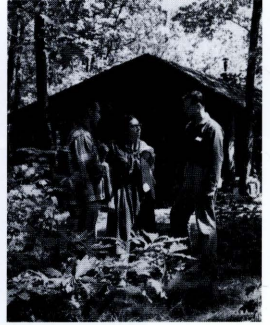


and museum. Land to the south of the manor house passed to Erskine's nephew Norvin Hewitt Green, and it was this tract that fired the philanthropy of Norvin Green and the pedagogical imagination of President Burdell. Together they hatched the plan for "Green Engineering Camp."

The original purpose, as stated simply in the deed, was for "field studies," specifically for surveying instruction. This actually completed a long-wished-for scheme of Abram Hewitt who had also supported his alma mater's effort to establish surveying courses up at Camp Columbia in Lakeside, Connecticut as early as 1891. Hewitt had in fact toyed with the idea of bringing students to Ringwood in 1901 though his death intervened. However, Burdell's notion of maintaining such a camp all year round rather than for just a summer interlude was something of a novelty and, of course, an expense. The way the scheme was "sold" to the trustees in 1939, despite some



"Green Camp has been instrumental in the development of every person who has ever been there."



misgiving about the long term costs, was that it would form the centerpiece of Cooper's new "humanistic" education and encourage the formation of new kinds of social relationships between students, and between students and faculty. As Burdell intoned in the *Annual Report* for 1939, *"The development of an all-year-round camp there, forty-five miles from the main buildings in the heart of New York, will give our students an opportunity to obtain a physical and social balance to their intensive intellectual activities, a balance difficult to achieve in most metropolitan colleges."*

As Burdell thought correctly the *"future holds no prospect of an elm-shaded campus and ivy clad buildings,"* but he did think it was possible, indeed essential, to bring Cooper up to Twentieth Century speed in terms of administration, student life and academic performance. Cooper still lacked in 1938 such novelties as mailed report cards, accumulated grade sheets and the production of a school regis-



ter. More importantly, having come from MIT and establishing there the core of social science instruction, Dr. Burdell wished to see Cooper aim at educating, to use an overworked modern phrase, “the whole person.” Among many innovations he introduced after 1938 were an integrated program in the humanities for engineers to broaden their notions of professionalism and the advent of a Dean of Student’s office to manage student affairs.

From the start then, though no wholesale relocation was ever envisioned for the institution, the plan for Green Camp centered on the idea of making Cooper less of a subway school and more of a regular college, with a group of students who closely fitted the profile of the normal college entrant and who were given a recognizable set of undergraduate social and academic experiences. The freshmen orientation then and now was “designed to bridge the Gap between high school and college”—a phrase notable only because it was assumed the



*"I remember the barn
with its tiers of odors...
with oil paint, turpentine
and a moldy hint of
shower stalls below."*

Cooper student would come straight from school rather than having some intermediary experience at work or indeed, given the time, at war. Thus the Trustees assumed that use of Green Camp would expand and develop as the priorities of the Day school grew at the expense of night instruction. This was certainly born out in the usage of the camp: even for self-organized recreational trips students in the evening classes never traveled to the camp as often as those enrolled in the day, despite their larger numbers.

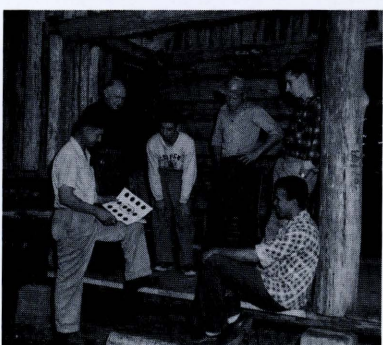
In addition, since Burdell firmly believed in the "sound body, sound mind" school of education, Green Camp would serve to toughen sinew as well as improve the mind; after all the camp opened in the same year that "Outward Bound" was founded. One is surprised at how dismally Burdell viewed the average stamina and capacities of a Cooper "subway" student who he took to be narrowly trained, nervous and sickly. For the first three





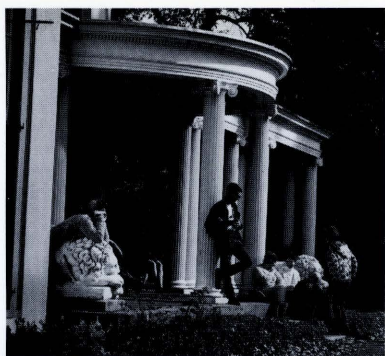


*"essential element in the unique
and very wonderful experience
that is Cooper Union"*



years of freshmen orientation medical in-spections were carried out before and after the camp session to see what happened to such a *rara avis* as a subway student if they found themselves in wooded, hilly terrain for an extended period of time. On average they gained two pounds a week—a good thing—and proof positive of the virtues of an outdoor life. There was nothing wrong with a few mosquito bites, and cases of poison ivy might serve to toughen up the whole class. Tough they must have been, for 77 of the 115 students who attended the first surveying camp got cases of poison ivy as they traipsed through the grounds with their levels.

Comfort was hardly part of the Green Camp experience in its earliest years. What remained of the old farm structures and tenant buildings was in very bad shape. By May 1941, under the direction of the Cooper Union trustees, five structures on camp property were



*"as equally important
as the classroom insrucition,
as the laboratory experience,
has been the Green Camp experience"*



renovated and opened for business; a three-story barn was converted into a dormitory (unheated), the old creamery became a residence for Harry West the caretaker and his family, a carriage house emerged as kitchen staff quarters, and a two-story hay barn became a student lounge and drafting room on the top floor, with a kitchen and dining room on the ground floor. Initially the camp got off to a rather slow start. Throughout the war there were shortages of fuel, food, supplies, and construction materials; indeed after January 1943 the government issued warnings against using fuel for pleasure driving or heating places of amusement. None of the buildings were sufficiently winterized to a Twentieth Century standard and the camp could only hold a maximum of 36 students overnight until 1946.

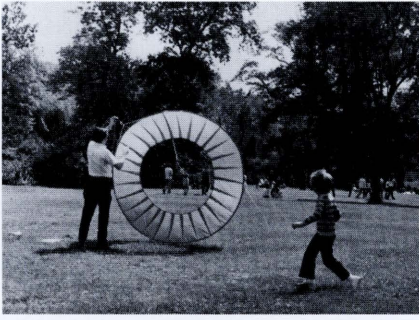
Nevertheless, even with these limitations, the first programs at the camp were deemed a success. First and foremost was freshmen orientation.



"The width of Astor Place might have been an unbridgeable gap between the average button-downed engineering student and the spatter-painted art or architecture coed, but the broad acres and wide open agenda of Green Camp formed a bonding ground."



Orientation was a vital part of Burdell's new humanistic plan of installing individual counseling, and allowing new students to engage with young alumni to talk about personal and professional challenges. One civil engineering graduate, George Fox, who became Chairman of the Board of Trustees in 1986 and served until 1995, participated in 1948. Moving to educate the whole person also meant, as it does today with the new dormitory at Cooper Square, the college taking on more a role *in loco parentis* with greater attention paid to students' moral and physical welfare. Counselors were responsible for completing a "characteristic sheet" which became part of the student's permanent record. On a mimeographed form each student was given a numerical rating indicating his ability, resourcefulness, judgment, leadership and cooperation, based not only on "his academic work but upon his complete participation in camp activities including chores, recreation, study and leisure periods." The monitoring of student activity at the



"Looking back...I realize even more how unusual an experience it was."

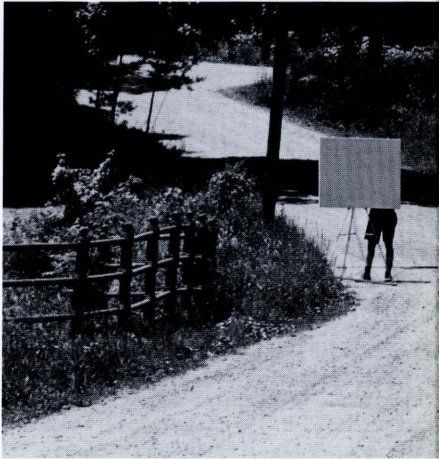
camp occurred within a regime strict by contemporary standards: 7:00 am reveille, colors at 7:25, inspection five minutes later, lights out at 11.00 p.m. and no movement off campus.

A part from freshman orientation (for "day" engineers only at first) three other sessions were to form the core of the "academic" program for the first twenty years. In October, the camp was used as a base for the geology field trip designed for advanced civil engineers. This was a 150 mile, two-day effort led by Claude M. Roberts until 1949 and Professor Perlmutter thereafter. Never very large, this was the first academic use of the camp to disappear. It had declined to 20 students for just one day in 1956 and was only offered intermittently after that.

The largest camp in the early years was for surveying practice, two weeks long for non-civil engineering students and in certain years up to six

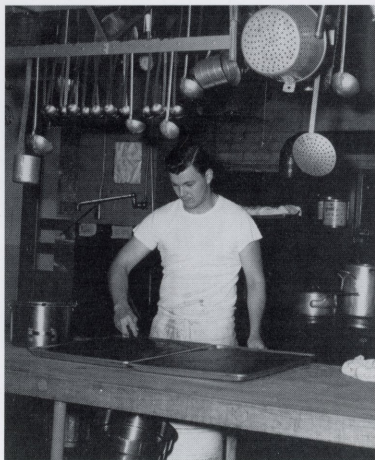
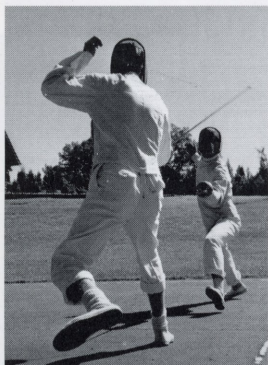


"I think of the gorgeous landscape that somehow always looked better in reality than it did on my canvas."



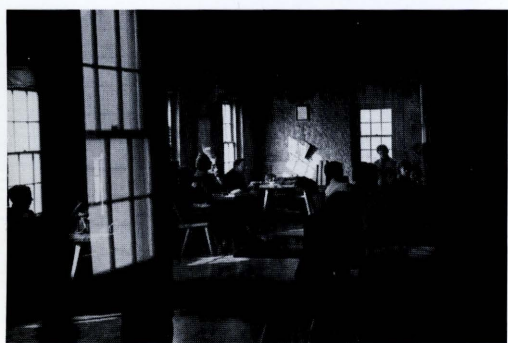
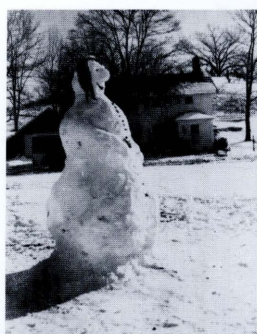
weeks of surveying and geology in June and July for civil engineers. In 1947, to take a particularly successful example, the engineering practice session ran for a full month from the middle of June to the middle of July for all day students at the end of their first year and all evening "civils" at the end of their second. John C. Eichler was in charge of instruction and the irrepressible J. Clinton Hollinger in command of all sports and social activities, always voluntary though seldom, apparently, missed. An innovation after 1947 was that students were actually allowed to leave the camp at weekends and to take the bus into Suffern to see movies.

Though Green Camp's official, incorporated title was always to remain Green Engineering Camp, art school students actively used the premises from the outset. In 1941, The School of Art established a Summer Painting session, usually for two weeks in late



"Eating together at every meal, sleeping in the dorm and spending the rest of the day surveying and the evenings playing softball brought the class closer than it was at Cooper Square."

May expanding to three weeks in 1947 when Ray Dowden took over instruction from Byron Thomas. Until almost the end of the camp's existence, this session was essentially a landscape painting "honors" course designed especially for second year fine art students though made mandatory for a short time after 1948. Ray Dowden did most of the teaching but there was usually one female instructor cum chaperon in residence (Grace Raney in the early years) and there were many opportunities to ship in alumni instructors, for example, Alex Katz visited in 1949 after he graduated that same year. The Sarah Cooper Hewitt Hall, converted from an open shed in 1949, provided the studio space. In 1953, eleven women from the evening school organized an additional week of advanced painting, supervised by Albert Mullen, and this inaugurated an almost annual tradition of a second week of student initiated painting, drawing and, for a brief time, photography camps.



"Most of us will remember the main lodge with its huge stone fireplace, with stuffed animal heads decorating the walls."

Though Burdell's forecast that Cooper would never possess an elm-shaded campus and ivy-clad buildings has so far proven correct, Green Camp certainly did provide fertile soil for the kind of collegiate *esprit de corps* that has been the hallmark of traditional undergraduate institutions. From the outset J. C Hollinger fought to develop a new sense of school spirit through athletic competition, dividing orientation and surveying groups into competitive maroon and gold teams. Richard Bowman began one of the longest running festivities at camp—entertainment night—in 1949. That same year in June, during the first senior picnic, a real sprig of ivy did appear, planted close to the dormitory wall (but unfortunately that year also witnessed the discovery of Dutch elm disease on the property).

Improvement in athletic facilities came slowly but surely. In 1947 the rough area along the east bank of the Ringwood River was graded to provide an area for two volleyball courts, two



"The most lasting memories of my days at CU are of the events and weekends spent at Green Camp."

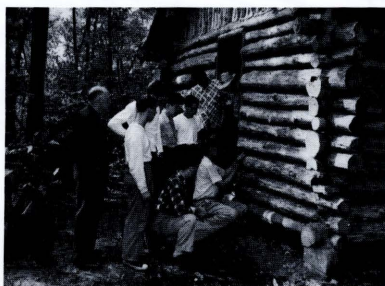
badminton courts and space for basketball and horseshoes. Two open fire pits and four tables for picnics shaded by large oak trees were constructed from alumni funds. The first Alumni Association picnic outing to Green Camp on Sept. 17, 1949 (attracting over 350 alumni and guests) included ground breaking ceremonies for the construction of a dam across the Ringwood River as well as an hydraulic measurement facility. Much was then made of the academic opportunities the dam offered to those interested in the study of hydrology, including stream gauging, river hydrographs, drainage runoff, flood flow, weir tests and so forth, but of course the most immediate benefit came from the appearance of Alumni Pond behind the dam and the creation of long-wished-for swimming facilities. Alumni Pond was opened a year later.

Other regular collegiate forms of gathering included a senior picnic held in late May (one of the few



R.B.D.
170





*"no component part of my education
was as important as Green Camp"*

events to be co-organized by art and engineering) the Gold and Silver "C" Awards dinner to recognize the special achievements of Cooper students in non-academic pursuits, and last, but not least, field day. This tradition was first held in October 1948, sponsored by the CU Athletic Association and aided by the now defunct Cooper Union's Women's Club. This proved to be over time certainly one of the more social occasions at the camp; it included scavenger hunts, faculty/student softball, square dancing and other unrecorded activities, leading in 1955 to four separate complaints from local residents concerning "offensive moral standards exhibited in the State Park," details thankfully lost to the historical record.

With this year-round use of the camp for academic and collegiate events its operation was an expensive proposition in terms of maintenance and staffing. The annual superintendent's reports are little more



"It was a unique, warm experience from the moment I got on the bus."

than wish lists of boiler improvements, road construction, mower purchases, additional staff and drain clearance. The big dorm flooded on three occasions, two fires broke out in houses 69 and 78a. In the early years all this work fell upon Harry West and his assistant laborer Sidney De Groat; a full time carpenter was added in 1948. The lack of reliable kitchen help emerges in the record as a constant lament before the arrival of Mrs. Witlich; two kitchen helpers were dismissed in 1946 for being syphilitic. Though the camp was run on a proverbial shoe-string, there was also the sense of a sublime pioneer spirit, of art students picking and applying sundry coats of paint, of the many donated books arriving for the library (over a thousand books by 1950), of cabinets of geological specimens, of countless other donations of time and money. Whatever happened to some of the most observable gifts: the Quebec Moose Head, the three Alaskan stuffed sheep or the three foot high



*"We were no longer students;
we were ninety young men and
a few young women learning
and working together."*



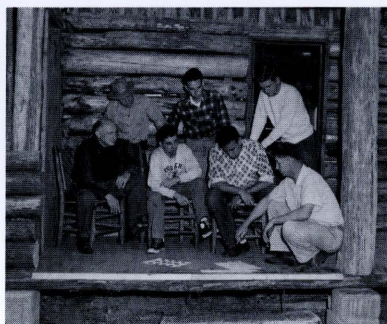
bronze statue of a generic civil engineer? One looks for them in vain today.

The instructional sessions and collegiate trips organized by the administration were only a small part of the overall Green Camp proceedings. The way usage was then measured in "camper days," over 60% of the time spent at Green Camp was always in "self-initiated," that is, in recreational weekend retreats, and even a larger percentage of "groups" going were so organized. Thus from the start Green Camp always better served the social needs of the students than the academic priorities of the schools. As Burdell had seen, the social needs of the Cooper students were drastically under-served at Astor Place. The schedules prevented much inter-school mixing and the gender imbalances between the schools were then much more marked. Freshmen orientation for day engineering remained a very male affair and for the surveying class of 1949 only one woman was to be found in a group of 90 men.



"The camp must have been a totally new experience for the many classmates who had never been outside of the city and never lived in an institutional setting."

No self-initiated "mixed" groups were allowed to stay overnight until 1946 when the rehabilitated ten-room girls' dorm, initially called Munson House, opened. According to the ever fastidious professor in charge, J. Merriam Peterson *"These mixed groups appear to be highly successful from the student's viewpoint, and the main problem to be solved seems to be that of recruiting a sufficient number of staff members to provide adequate supervision and leadership."* Miss Martin's chaperoning only went so far. The ability of the college to superintend the "wholesome natural relationships" that was by charter a policy of the camp, became more and more of a problem. Unsurprisingly, the faculty seemed uninterested in taking on this responsibility as part of their regular duties and staff members were reluctant to do so without additional pay; married couples among the alumni were not viewed as reliable. In 1947 things came to a head when supervision was "aggravated by the outlook and conduct on the part of a minor-



"Never having gone to camp as a child, I was experiencing something new and I loved it."

ity in the student body" according to J. Merriam Peterson in a letter to President Burdell. If good taste in these matters spread to the rest of social relations at Cooper, then the whole institution would be in severe trouble! No mixed groups were to be allowed the following year.

Student uproar over this ruling made Professor Peterson back down from his decision but not before the student council promised to create a strong Camp Committee, one that would train groups of student leaders on at least two occasions every year. Thus began what was undoubtedly one the strongest social features of camp life—student self-government and the practice of leadership training for the Cooper Union students.

Though everyone will no doubt have their own particular memories of the best era of Green Camp, if seen statistically it experienced its glory days through the mid 1950s when both the academic and



"Green Camp was the only campus I ever knew."

recreational uses were running at a full rate and in equal balance. In addition, Brooklyn Poly rented the camp for much of the month of August for their own surveying practice sessions, subventing the cost of summer operations. The Metropolitan Section of the American Society of Photogrammetry held its annual meeting at the camp in the middle years of the decade. Another welcome trend was the increasing use and support from the alumni. From 1953 on, alumni, under the active leadership of Joseph Rofman CE '28, held their own summer seminar in the sciences at the camp, bringing them up to speed with the very latest scientific achievements.

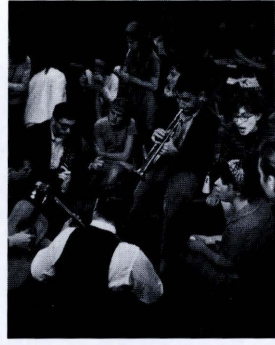
The two most active clubs in this period appear to have been the Rifle Association which spent several months building its own log cabin overlooking the lake at Ringwood Manor, opened in December 4, 1948 in time for the hunting season. For many years under the enthusiastic lead-



ership of Henry Hope, Professor of Chemistry, the club also built a firing range and sponsored an annual venison dinner, which had to be canceled on several occasions for lack of the necessary viands. The club was unusually independent in having its own accommodations in the cabin.

The second important social institution was the Hiking Club, started in 1947 and blessed with a formidable faculty advisor in Mary Blade (helped by husband Ellis) who was to take over the entire administration of the camp in 1955. By 1950, the club had marked out and established over 10 miles of trails, built an Adirondack shelter on Cupsaw Mountain and had begun to award annually to the most enthusiastic hiker the Edwin S. Burdell trophy in the shape of a boot.

Green Camp certainly sustained the social life of many student groups. In 1956 for example, three religious clubs, six activity clubs and five frater-



"Some of my strongest role models were the engineering students and faculty that invested in me during their times at Camp."

nities sponsored individual weekend trips, roughly double the total number of associations that Cooper had possessed only a decade before. The annual Alumni Association picnic outing, started in 1949, grew in size every year. Held in the fall, it was heavily attended by alumni and their families until the closing of the camp. As Burdell had imagined, the camp was indeed supporting the life of Astor Place, just as Ringwood iron supported its material structure.

Though much had been accomplished under the administration of Burdell and J. Merriam Peterson, Mary Blade considered there was still insufficient attention paid to personal aesthetic and moral needs of the students. She noted the lack of student leadership, the inadequate professionalization of "student life" and offered the now perennial complaint about student lethargy in community affairs. This all required professional intervention. In 1955, a consulting psychologist Lawrence Baker was

ALUMNI DAY, GREEN CAMP, SATURDAY.



SEPT. 23, RAIN OR SHINE!



Alphonse Normandia 48



*"When at camp we were a self-contained society,
with no contact with the outside world."*

hired; he recommended that all sessions be broken up into "living groups of twenty and place in smaller buildings to encourage team work and cooperative endeavors." Five years later Mary wrote a long report recommending the creation of five new student self-contained houses to formalize architecturally the way she thought all the programs should develop. In 1956, Professor Wallace of the student relations office invited an organizational expert John Mann to come down from Columbia University to manage the first leadership camp of those students who lead clubs and associations. That same year the annual Gano Dunn work trips were begun in order to formalize student voluntary labor in improving camp facilities.

Mary Blade also tried to seek out new constituencies. The School of Art was urged to make greater use of the facilities, for example, architecture and art developed their own orientation weekends after 1960. Day outings for evening students in both



"Green Camp made a great introduction to 'da boys from Brooklyn' who had never been away from mamma for a whole week!"



schools were begun at the same time and the faculty were offered summer vacation housing at rates that now seem very generous. Two houses were renovated for that use in 1959, the same year the first annual faculty-staff picnic drew over 125 people. Overall then, Mary Blade believed that the only way to enliven the life of the camp and to justify its existence was to develop it as a "student union" which in regular colleges would be part of the main campus. She claimed it was "the most vital part of the extracurricular program of the schools."

This increasing use of the camp by staff, alumni and other groups was not without its problems, either in straining the material resources or enlarging the responsibilities of the camp superintendent. One of Mary Blade's first actions was to close the grounds to hunting. Harry West saw among the locals "a revenge attitude developing" as there were few unposted hunting grounds left in northern New Jersey. Other de-



mands and a clash of personality led to his resignation. Another problem through the late 50's was the rising cost per student of camp activities; even allowing for inflation (and the fact that students had always paid for food and transportation for self-initiated trips) the operating budget had risen by one third. Part of the reason for this rise was that the camp had lost its original and largest benefactor in 1955. Following the old family tradition Mr. Green's largesse hardly stopped at the original bequest. Until his death he regularly chipped in a thousand dollars here and a hundred acres there to improve and enlarge the facilities. First renovations to Erksine Lodge, another 187 acres in 1947, then monies to construct Sarah Cooper Hall, a new jeep for 1950, topsoil and grading in 1951, a further 500 acres in 1952. Until the Alumni Association started to direct some funds towards the camp with the construction of the dam, almost all of the capital improvement to the property had come out of Mr. Green's private funds,



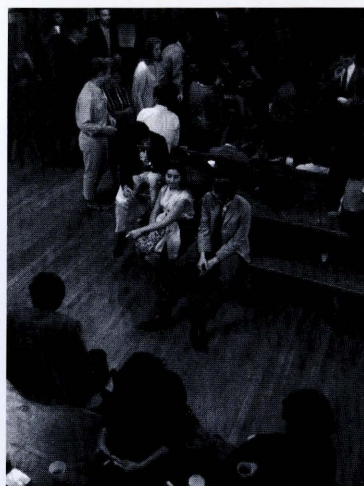
"It gave us kids who lived at home and commuted to school some feel for college campus life and provided a welcome break from the drudgery of studying and attending classes and then hurrying home."

disguising, as it were, the true costs of maintaining and refurbishing the facilities.

At the very same time that Mary Blade was imagining a considerably enlarged camp in terms of facilities and programs the original rationale for the camp —surveying— all but disappeared. All forms of field measurement were being de-emphasized in engineering education through the late 50s and most engineering schools had dropped surveying practice requirements, at least for non-civil graduates. For the 1961 session no faculty member from Cooper's School of Engineering was willing to lead the camp session in surveying and photogrammetry so the whole effort descended upon Henry Soehngen, a professor at The Polytechnic of Brooklyn, who had been running his own class there for the previous eight years. In the fall of 1963, the Engineering faculty voted to drop surveying entirely from the curriculum

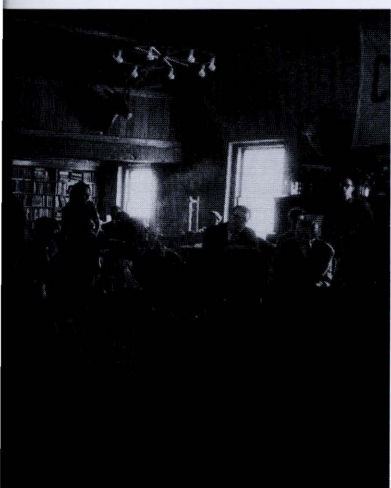


"A part of my life is there."



including for those in Civil and Applied Mechanics. Green Camp as an engineering facility was no more.

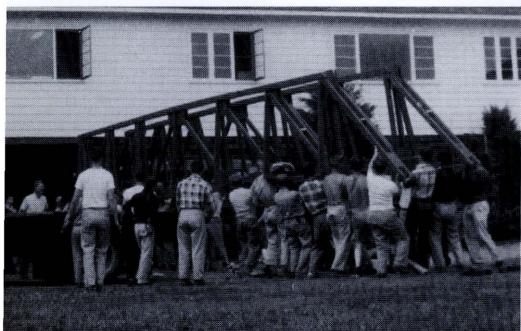
In response, Mary Blade tried to push forward with a number of her initiatives though there were two further dark clouds on the distant and intermediate horizons. The first could be seen over Manhattan above the newly completed engineering building. On one hand the building signaled the making of a fully professionalized school with adequate room for research and graduate instruction. Doubling the space around Astor Place also allowed the art school to move towards a full four-year baccalaureate program and for architecture to imagine ever greater programmatic autonomy. In the longer range view, however, the new building meant that Cooper Union would likely harbor its resources in a local spot and within the compass of academic programs only. It is surely telling that in the annual reports of



"As an architecture freshman in the fall of 1955, I was bedazzled by the color of trees and their leaves, something a city boy without a family car, rarely got to see."

the Deans after 1964 Green Camp did not figure in any way as a significant resource.

The second cloud hovered in the more immediate vicinity. Ringwood township entirely lost its industrial base. The largest of the mines, Peters, had been worked on and off until 1931 and during the war it was refurbished by the federal government to be used as a defense resource, but no ore was actually extracted. For the early part of Green Camp's existence some metal work still took place at Ringwood though on a very reduced scale, especially after Pittsburgh Pacific bought the site from General Steel in 1955; the government repurchased much of the property in 1956. What remained fell then into disrepair with open, unsecured shafts and vast tracts of abandoned cars. One of the camp workers' children was killed after a fall down the mine in 1962. The highly conservative and religious Shelton College also relocated to Camp May in 1961 and left its campus to



"provides a total education"

rot. Two years later passenger service on the railroad was discontinued, the line was abandoned, and removed.

With the closure of the last remaining industry, the tax base of Ringwood borough was thoroughly emmiserated and, short of dreams for a new super-highway (now re-imagined as the I-287 beltway) to funnel metropolitan wealth, few options remained. Local poverty was deep. As late as 1960, 90% of the houses on the mine tract did not possess indoor plumbing and throughout the decade 25% of the population of the borough remained on welfare. In case this seems just a result of the callous nature of capitalist industry, it is worth noting that five of six tenant properties on the Green Camp site were still without indoor plumbing as late as 1961.

As industry moved out, never to return, inexpensive tract housing moved in. Nine hundred acres



"This area of NJ must have made a lasting impression on me, because I moved in retirement to West Milford, the neighboring township."

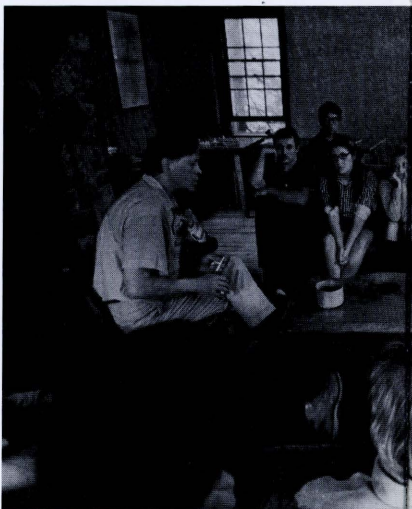


of mine property was sold for residential development in 1964 with the likelihood of more subdivisions. Rather than being delighted at being the recipient of metropolitan overflow the township groaned under further tax burdens since new families tended to have children in need of education at public expense. Green Camp, though classed as "tax-exempt" for its seventy-five acres of educational properties, nevertheless faced ever-increasing tax bills for its extensive unimproved acreage. Real estate taxes rose five fold between '64 to '69 to \$41,000, roughly a third of the whole maintenance budget.

Could the purpose of the camp be realized (and its costs justified) through orientation sessions, leadership programs and recreation alone? Mary thought not. The first significant line of development through the mid sixties was to establish the camp as a conference center for other groups to use. In addition to the Brooklyn Poly sur-



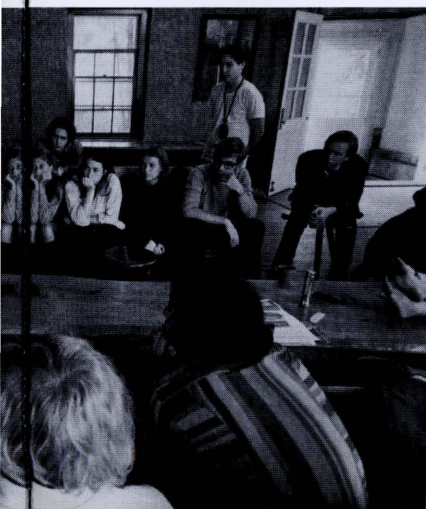




*"may have found at the camp
a proving ground where inspiration
has become reality"*

veying camp, there were successful attempts to attract programs from NYU's Adult Education division, and a Presbyterian Ministerial training retreat took place over several summers. In 1960, the NSF funded a summer training program for high school children in math and semiconductor work, and this began a tradition of summer programs to help children prepare for college entrance. In 1968, Cooper students tutored kids from the Henry Street Settlement. The most successful venture in financial terms, however, was with the Ridgewood Public schools which used the camp during the week days in fall and spring for their conservation program.

Conservation became another key strategy. These were the years when conservative notions of conservation, especially in timber and water management, were being transformed into more radical conceptions of ecological sustainability. Green Camp must have been



"Green Camp was the first venture into the woods... for this beatnik gal with one foot in the city and the other in the suburbs."

one of the first institutions in northern New Jersey to recognize the need to preserve and value those areas of virgin forest that the tides of original industry or contemporary subdivision had passed by. The camp hosted an early conference of the Appalachian Highland Association, founded in 1967 to preserve a spine of natural resources along the east coast. Ellis and Mary Blade had led many native flora and fauna trips for local garden and wildlife clubs throughout the decade. A conservation week was held in 1968. The camp also had close relations with the far-sighted New Jersey Commissioner of Development, Robert A. Roe, who was instrumental in forming the "Green Acres" program of land preservation. In 1963 "Green Acres" funds were used to buy the Sheppard Pond tract to add to Ringwood State Park. Then, in June 1967, Roe announced the 100,000 acre Skyland open space project, in which he estimated New Jersey could buy up enough undeveloped land at about 2,200 dollars an acre to

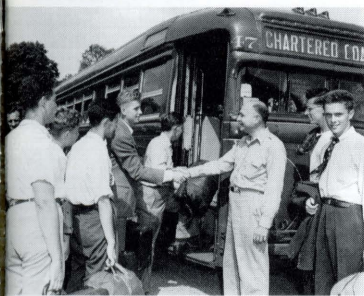


"Green Camp gave training in leadership, self-discipline, responsibility, exposure to a much wider group of fellow students, and great friends whom we kept throughout the years. It was a wonderful experience."



form a "green belt" through its upper half. This would eventually include the old Shelton College property and, of course, part of Green Camp itself.

Lest this suggests a preordained outcome for the camp's history, it is worth recalling that the sixties also witnessed the most enlarged and ambitious vision of the camp's future existence—a vision of Cooper's second campus. Throughout the decade, and especially after President Humphrey's installation, there was much talk about Cooper Union being re-imagined as a "university" composed of different schools, and with a science and arts faculty equal to that of engineering. Green Camp, though still an engineering facility on paper, was elevated under this scheme into the Green Campus of The Cooper Union with an imaginative billing as large as the Cooper Square site. From one, perhaps overreaching perspective this made sense. Many older urban institutions were transmigrating

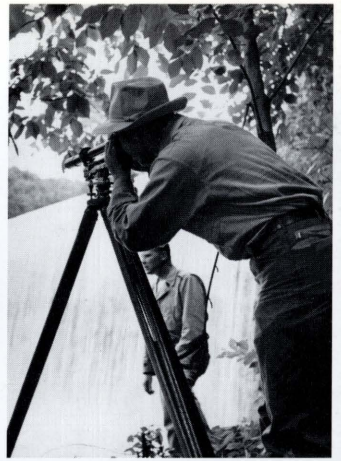


"We slept in the old barn converted to a dorm, discovered the lounge and the ladder-accessible library, and took note of the number of snake-skins nailed to the columns."



to the far suburbs, leapfrogging as it were, their traditional customers who had fled the central cities with the passage of the GI Bill.

The boldest and most closely held proposal was to develop a graduate engineering program together with NYU, which was then reviewing the fate of its uptown campus. In 1952 the Harriman family had sold 17,500 acres of Sterling Forest immediately to the northeast of Green Camp. One thousand acres were to be developed as a university valley by NYU, 200 acres for a corporate park with IBM as the lead tenant, and the rest for commercial housing and recreation. This scheme has only been recently been truncated with the repurchase of 15,280 acres in 1997. By 1963 NYU had moved its department of geology to Sterling Forest and had dedicated its Institute of Environmental Medicine and other arms of the University Medical Center. Nothing came of the joint graduate program however, even though NYU



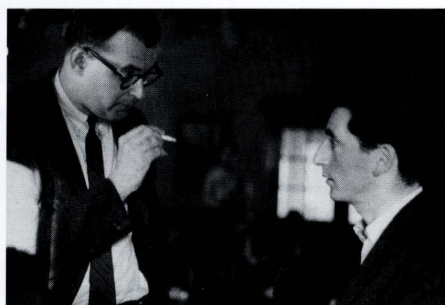
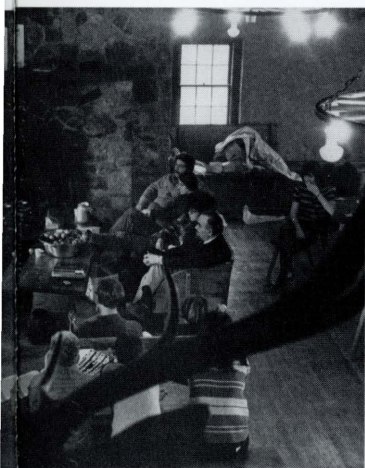
*"helped provide the education
as Peter Cooper willed,
equal to the best"*

did send its remaining students to Cooper's engineering program. About the only connection Cooper's Green Camp had with its northern neighbor was to complain about the dumping of detergents and phenols into Ringwood Creek which caused severe foaming at times, in fact the New York State Department of Health had to classify the headwaters as "D" grade, unfit to drink, and there was the threat of closing Alumni Pond to swimming.

Mary Blade sketched out a vision of a new Cooper Campus in the center of the northerly Cupsaw tract, flanking a large lake forming by damning the Cupsaw. The southern section would be devoted to field studies in conservation, ecology and wildlife and would include a glacial, forest and a marsh museum (anticipating by some years the general appreciation of wetland conservation) To its north would be the new campus where "research" took the place of recreation. Together with Professor Extermann from the



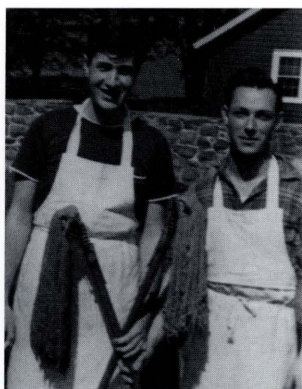
"I was very shy, so it was exciting and slightly overwhelming to be surrounded by friendly faces, who often turned into good friends."



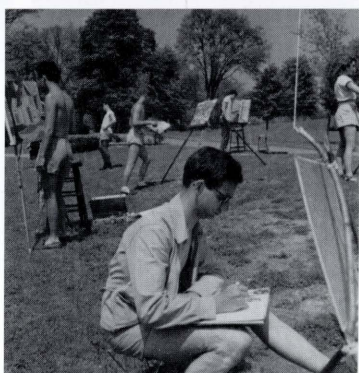
"that spot of earth is so deeply ingrained in our consciousness and has made us so proud of The Cooper Union"

physics department, she made a list of advanced equipment for the pure sciences that might be better housed in new facilities including a small linear accelerator and an astronomical observatory, the foundations for which were formed and the dome built by Winston Wilkerson and many student volunteers. This was indeed practical and sanctioned by President Humphreys. Other radical proposals however certainly did not fly; for example, the first two years of the engineering program be made residential at the camp or that physical education requirements be made mandatory in the art school and that they be fulfilled in the Ramapos. Here the deans balked and one can sense Mary was deliberately escalating the vision in the hope of any response. She spoke in 1969 of *"a bold new program, another academic campus, attractive to a new faculty and another student body."*

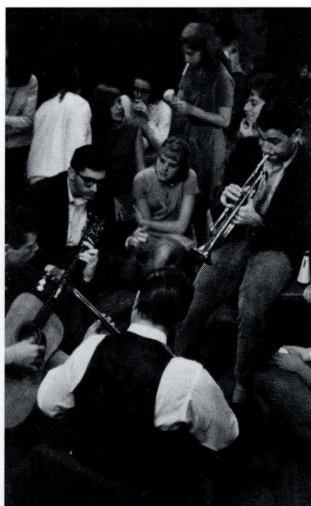
Though this kind of language was not a good sign for the site's future support, less programmatic



*"To a college without a campus,
where a coin-op cafeteria and
a skinny, gated wedge of oak
and asphalt comprised the common
meeting ground, Green Camp was
an asset of inestimable worth."*



developments promised a somewhat different renaissance. The terrain of Green Camp played perfect host to the cultural atmospherics of the late 1960s, when rural life became not a training ground for toughening sinews or for forging character, but rather a vast Adamic space for freedom and experimentation. Following some of the "communitas" ideas of Percival and Paul Goodman, Mary Blade sanctioned a series of "experiments in education." Professors Hejduk and Wisniewski took sophomore architects to Green Camp to study and explore experimental architectural construction methods. For two weeks in April, 1970, for example, the camp witnessed "an ecological occupation" that featured, among other things, a honors painting session with Paul Resika (Leland Bell came up) a computer programming component from Mike Fackovec, surveying with Mendle Nock, and interpretive, modern dance sessions. The thought here was that things would inevitably happen through juxtaposition and interfusion in an



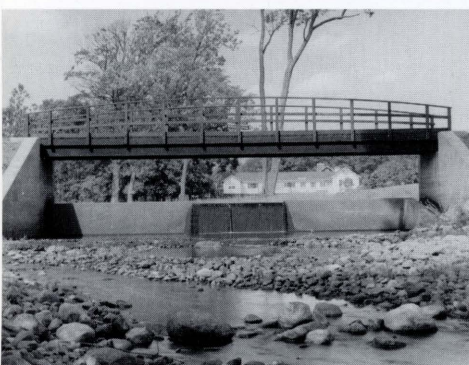
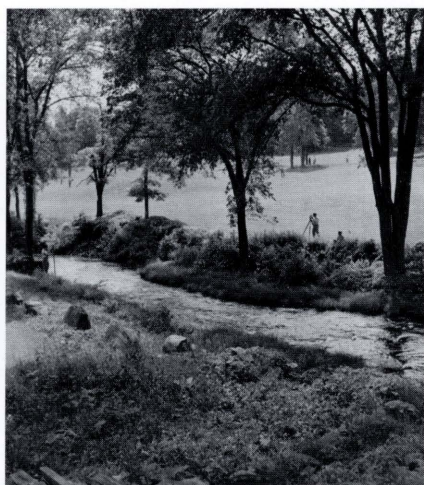
*"No component
part of my education
was as important as
Green Camp"*

extended academic version of a "happening." As Elenor Marie Peninuri noted in her diary of the event: *"I'm having some difficulty being objective about this thing I think. Everything looks good to me. I have tried to find unhappy, bored, depressed people here, but as far as I can tell everyone's having as great a time as I am."* Another more structured experiment occurred for six weeks in the fall semester of that year, when 15 students from art took all of their regular classes in humanities and art up at Green Camp, effectively inaugurating the second campus idea on a minute scale.

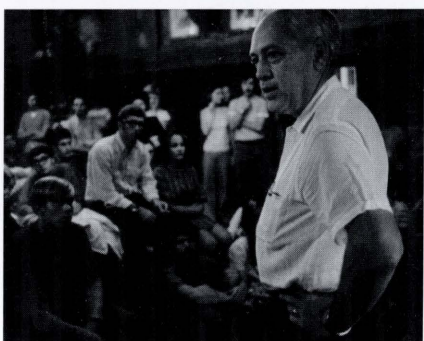
Then in February 1971 the axe fell suddenly and without warning. The Trustees determined to close the camp as of June. The furor was immense. Students held a sit-in, the Pioneer and Alumni News printed special issues. President Jack White and three Trustees showed up at a open meeting to answer for the decision and such was the pressure that they gave the camp a





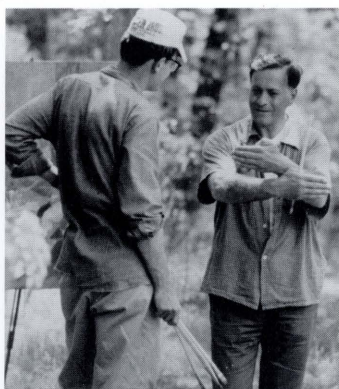


"The present day Cooper Union students are missing a very important experience."



stay of execution, subject to the writing of a report by an "all-party" committee chaired by Professor Ric Scofidio.

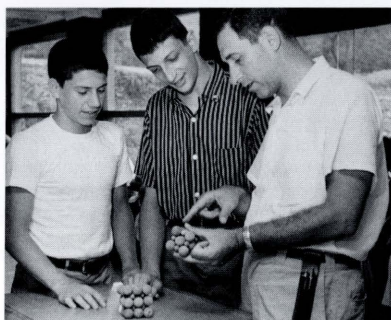
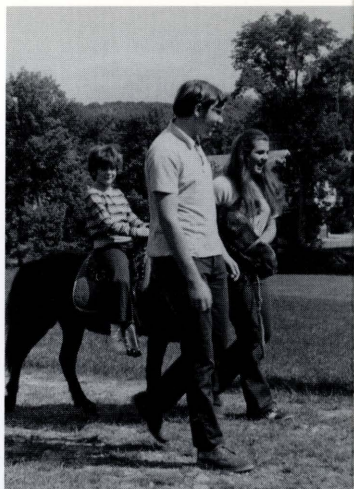
The announcement of the temporary suspension of closing and the formation of a task force to make recommendations appears to have caused a further hardening of feeling on both sides of the issue. Immediately after the Trustees allowed a stay of execution, a more deathly specter appeared in the shape of Marsh and McLennan who denied insurance coverage after a hastily-arranged inspection. In order to bring the Camp into compliance with state regulations, fire doors would have to be installed for the boiler rooms, sprinklers for dorms and additional fire exits for all buildings. Another underwriter's report arrived in June, stating that only 50 students could be at the camp at any one time, that they had to sleep on the ground floor only and that there had to be a night watchman or staff member in residence. It would



*"Believe it or not,
I had never slept away
from home before."*

take at least \$ 25,000 dollars to put it right. Only one month before, as it turned out, Mrs. Dobronyi, the daughter of Norvin Green, had sent a check for that amount to President Jack White to save the camp that bore her father's name and to start an endowment. It was never cashed.

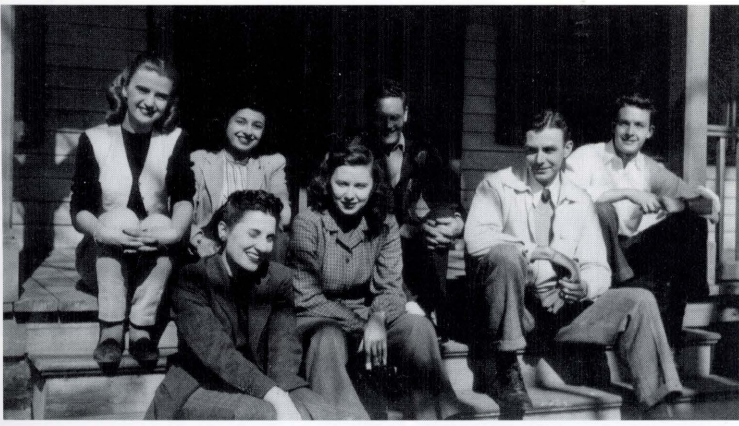
Perhaps if the whole institution's financial problems could have been more quickly ameliorated the camp could have survived. In retrospect, one can see a near-fatal convergence of gloomy income forecasts for the college and rising real estate values elsewhere. The Regional Plan Association had predicted that the population of Ringwood Township, in common with other areas of Passaic and Orange counties would grow 170% between 1965 and 1985. The country club development to the camp's southeast proved successful and the slump of the early 60's seemed far behind. Kenneth Morris, Cooper Union's new Vice President for Finance, estimated that suitable and available land



for residential and/or commercial development might be worth twelve and fifteen thousand dollars an acre, thus a camp sold might prove to be the Union's savior rather than a cash sump.

Reading the final report today with the benefit of hindsight, there is something of an air of a *fait accompli* about the decision to go forward with closure. The report hardly addresses all of the various imaginings of the camp's future use that had been formulated over the previous years and, further, it accepted the estimate of costs and overheads to emerge from the VP of Finance's office. There is little discussion, for instance, of the tax abatements promised by the township.

Part of the reason for the vast disappointment at the closing of Green Camp was that it continued to add new programs and functions right until the end, indeed the rate of experimentation was accelerating. The Trustee decision was seen therefore, not



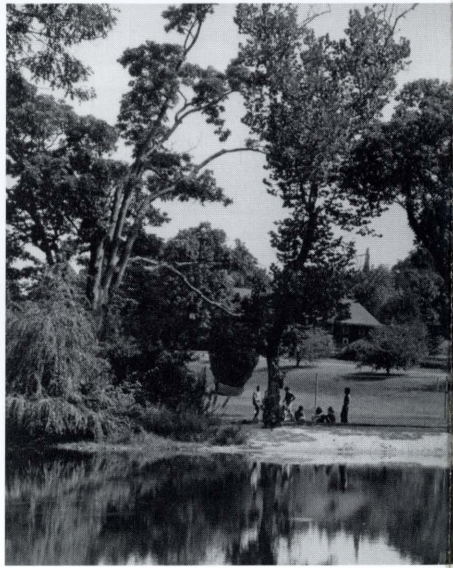
"I never knew that you could hike in the woods and feel so close to nature and so alive."

just as a move in the direction of economy, but rather a virtual rejection of all of the work the faculty had done over the previous few years and a violation of their obligation to consult. The alumni were upset because of locus of so many of their formative, college experiences was to be wiped off the map. Ten miles of carefully marked trails were to lead nowhere into Cooper Union's future. How many posters, maps, weather vanes, or thousands of trees planted by the hiking club were to be lost to the succeeding generations of students? From this perspective the closing of Green Camp was not a loss but a betrayal.

On the other hand, it was argued by the Trustees, still personally liable for any structural deficit, that the cost per "camper day" was great compared to the educational return it gave to the institution as a whole. Any simple cost/benefit analysis showed the money could have been better spent elsewhere. Green Camp found



*"Perhaps the greatest of all was
the ability to sit around and talk,
in the warmth of the fireplace,
or walk along the trails."*

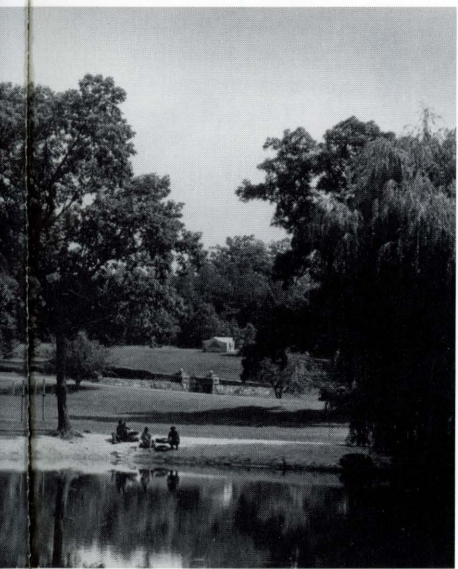


that it had moved outside the map of Cooper's redefined and narrowed mission. No longer was Cooper to be the city's the last remaining 19th century civic institution, with a public reading room, a Museum for the Arts of Decoration, or its extensive public programming through in its "Division of Social Philosophy." These functions were to be held as secondary to the business of educating students in the two, and by then, three schools. Gone too was there any real prospect of moving to a university model where a second campus might be needed. Indeed through there was a very brief period when a School of Arts and Sciences existed on paper, the pure sciences did not receive any programmatic autonomy with the exception of the stellar physics program and that too was truncated and abandoned by 1976.

How then may we appropriately end a history of Green Camp? Naturally we will always wonder what might have become of the thousand acres if

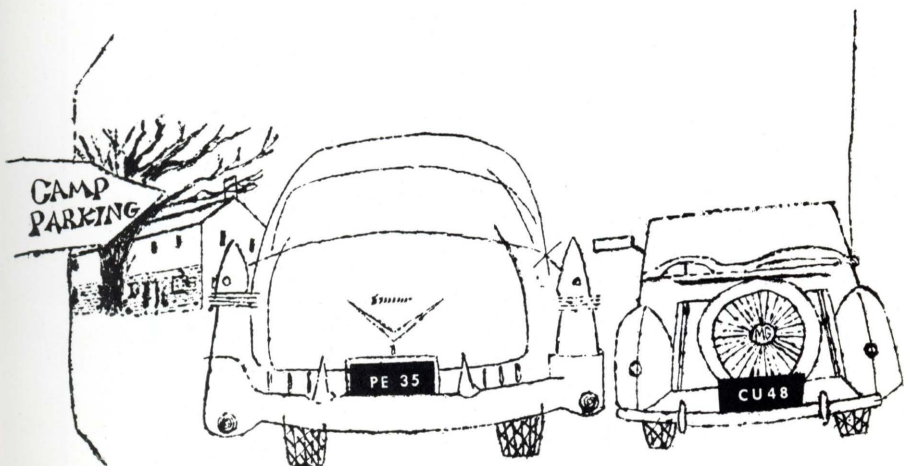


*"Green Camp was
a wonderful refuge and
will always have a special
place in our hearts."*



the Trustees had taken a longer and perhaps more generous view. However, as this book shows, the camp will always remain a success in its own terms and in the memories of those who stayed there. For so many years it fulfilled its original promise of introducing hundreds of urban students to the beauties of the countryside, and, much more importantly, it provided that adult sense of freedom which only cooperative forms of endeavor can bring.

PETER BUCKLEY





ALEX KATZ, ART '49

The material in this section has been excerpted from a volume found in the Cooper Union library. It includes the first Freshman Orientation which took place September 19-22, 1941, the first surveying group May 24-June 6, 1942 and sixty-four representative double page spreads of student weekends ending in January 1947.

This is the only existing record of the first decade of camp use. If there were any more volumes from 1947-73 they are not in the Cooper Union library, where this volume is available to be seen by alumni.

Freshman Orientation was only for engineers and therefore almost one hundred percent male. Women

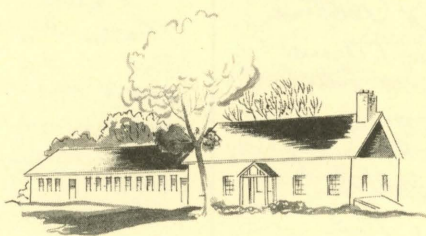
visited the camp primarily in landscape painting groups during the summer. Men joined these three-week intensive classes, many as returning vets on the GI bill.

With the return of the vets came more co-ed camp weekends. Separate male and female groups would book weekends, sometimes knowing each other, sometimes not.

Alphonse Normandia, Art '48, whose weekly column in The Pioneer featuring a fictional character named Lester Fink was a constant weekend visitor. His witty illustrations appeared frequently and his likenesses of students were spectacular.

ALBERT GREENBERG ART '48

• • GREEN • •
ENGINEERING
• • CAMP • •



RINGWOOD, N.J.
FOUNDED 1940

° FRESHMAN ORIENTATION CAMP °

SEPTEMBER 19-22, 1941

Edwin S. Sundell	Edward J. Sheiry
Walter S. Watson	Harold Larson
Agos Fairburn	Charles O. Roth, Jr.
Edward B. Phillips	Geo. F. Bateman '07
Herbert F. Remmels '25	Clinton Hollinger
William L. Rynd	John Carlson
Mayer Steinberg	Sol Tanne
Jacob Beegard	Ernest Rauberg
Harold Elgenheim	Herman B. Umeter
Thomas F. Schwartz	Charles C. Schaffner '41
Hyman Rostoker	Erving Newman
Meyer Fand	Joseph J. Schwartz
Nasol Edelberg	Israel Gottesman
Seymour Zukoff	Myron Manes
Seymour S. Lander	Robert Lawit
Daniel Hyman	Andrew Fondak
Hubert Schuler	Lee Gillette M.D.
Isadore Schuler	Milton Mallick
Arthur Zipes	Dan Folchowsky
Phil Epstein	Sam L. Klein
A. Cochran Leonard	Harry Tashjian
	Burton Edelstein
	Richard Braun

SURVEYING CAMP

STAFF ~

Edward J. Sheiry
 Charles O. Roth, Jr.
 Laurence Tene
 Ernie Rauberg
 Paul H. Rothman
 Maurice T. Ayers
 Claude M. Kober
 Charles C. Schaffner
 Jules P. DeLong
 Lee Gillette
 Harry S. West
 Douglas R. Becker
 Mortimer B. Dandell
 William Poindester
 Ben Goren
 Jack Bell
 James Sherson

STUDENTS ~

Clifford Petersen
 Lincen Chanley
 Roy Levy
 Matthew Platt
 Fred Yarity
 Leon H. Weinberger
 Herman Soifer
 Arthur A. Fogel
 Lawrence Kline
 Edward Shvinsky
 Aaron Garfinkel
 James Kruger
 Frank Silvers
 Walter Turbin
 Anthony Lafa
 John T. Colombo
 Alex Cohen
 Joseph S. Yesselman
 Raymond Aaron
 Walter Sittner
 Frank Squire
 John C. Burth
 James Lynch
 Frank Forges

Harold Wiele	Jack Pakula '45?? 3.
Amos Toffler	Stephen Palica '45
Leon Zadoff	Robert M. Sackie 45
Iving Grant	Hugh Halsey
Edmund Redwood	Leo Selman
John Barth	James Hugh Brown
Erwin Thater	George Kaplan -
William Pepper - '45	James Buder
JKL T. Donald	Stanley Kasper
Frank Kasper '45	Jakob Rubin
Bernard Loveman '45	William Oshinsky
El Wasp	Walter Dischute
Anthony Peranio - '45	Abraham Solnick
Philip Messina - '45	Sheldon Corner '45
Myron Kantor '45	Marty Lewis - '45
Charles Schwarg '45	Samuel London
Isaac Dorfman '45	Leo Kellberg
Harry Pines '45	Samuel Kellberg
Franklin Malchman	C. B. Kornison
Sidney Levy '45	Joan Flores
Daniel Berger '45	Hector Pergrini
J. M. Spooner	John Casazza
Erwin Appelhof '45	Bernard Mayman class '45
Klemens Baggewski '45	Panos Galidas '45
Tom Cellaran '45	Robert Luper '45 +

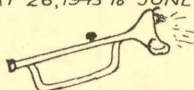
MAY 24 ~ JUNE 6, 1942

Klemens C. Baggewski
 Bernard Janofsky
 Harold Kellerman
 Daniel Hyman
 Joseph Feinstein
 George Bernstein
 Walter Shindler
 David Lottman
 Amos Toffler
 Burton Goldstein
 Richard Braun
 Iving Grant
 Fred Urban
 Harold Katz
 Corban Leonard
 Stanley Kasper
 Isaac Dorfman
 Stephen Palica
 Panos Galidas
 Robert Lawit
 Sheldon Corner
 Bernard Mayman
 Robert Williams
 Kenneth Hornung
 Herman B. Amster
 Martin M. Elkind
 Seymour Swander
 Sidney Davis
 John Casazza
 Simon Levine
 Phil Gattini
 Daniel Berger
 Joseph Diamond

Robert Leff
 Erwin Appelhof
 Harold Kellerman
 George Kaplan
 Leslie H. Bernad
 Leo Kellberg
 Myron Kantor
 Herman Daneman
 Jakob H. Kellberg
 Robert Blorsey
 Joseph Levitt

SPRING SURVEYING CAMP

from MAY 26, 1943 to JUNE 12, 1943



STAFF

John O'Mara
Charles E. Schaffner
John A. Eery
Claude M. Roberts
William E. Brown

J. M. Peterson
John H. Hollinger
Robert White (aide de camp (old-time))
Arthur Ligan (dish-washer extraordinary)
Lynne Kelly (asst. dish-washer)
Rene Galidas
Robert Leff
Mortimer "Bud" Ryndle
Vice Presidents in charge of
CUTTING KATE

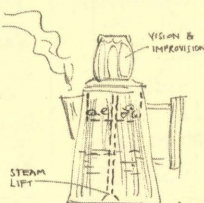
Lawrence Lechito
J. F. Augustus
Kang S. Wat.

CHEM ENGINEERING: UNIT OPERATIONS

DEMONSTRATED TO THE BETTER HALVES
OCTOBER 23RD TO 24TH (INCLUSIVE), 1943



ROASTING &
ORGANIC SYNTHESIS



EXTRACTING

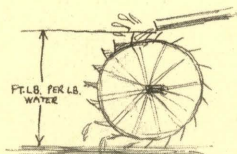


DEGREASING &
EMULSIFYING

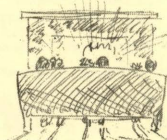


CONVEYING

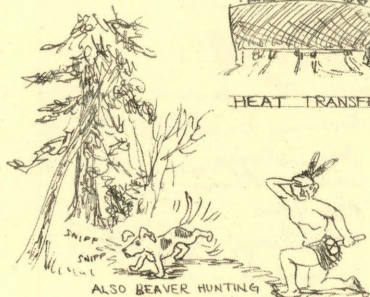
ABSORBING
(REDUCING?)



FLUID FLOW



HEAT TRANSFER



ALSO BEAVER HUNTING

STUDENTS

Joseph George Schwartz

Laurence Levine
Seymour Luboff

Arthur A. Loeb

Frederick V. Howley

As L. 5 terling

ye olde hyperbolic logarithm on the
Sine of the mark of Frénix when
raised to the $(n+1)^{th}$ power, squared
— your obedient servant —

M. Alper

also Lawrence Levy

Murray Campbell

Joseph Diamond

11 GIRLS & 1 MAN

NOVEMBER 26, 27, 28, 1943.

A hand-drawn cartoon illustration by John Lewis. In the center, a man with glasses and a wide smile stands with his arms crossed. He is surrounded by several women, each with unique features and labels. To his left, a woman is labeled "all wrapped up in her". Below her, another woman is labeled "RUBBER". Further down, a woman is labeled "MOM AND MOMENTUM". To the right of the central man, a woman is labeled "TSA TSA TSA TSUNGUM". Below her, a woman is labeled "NORTHCLIFF". Further down, a woman is labeled "well". To the right of the central man, a woman is labeled "conductive Avenia". Below her, a woman is labeled "Mrs. Doc". Further down, a woman is labeled "early time". At the bottom right, a woman is labeled "night shifts" and "strong neck". At the bottom left, a woman is labeled "Dancing up the Dances". At the very bottom, a woman is labeled "The man who".

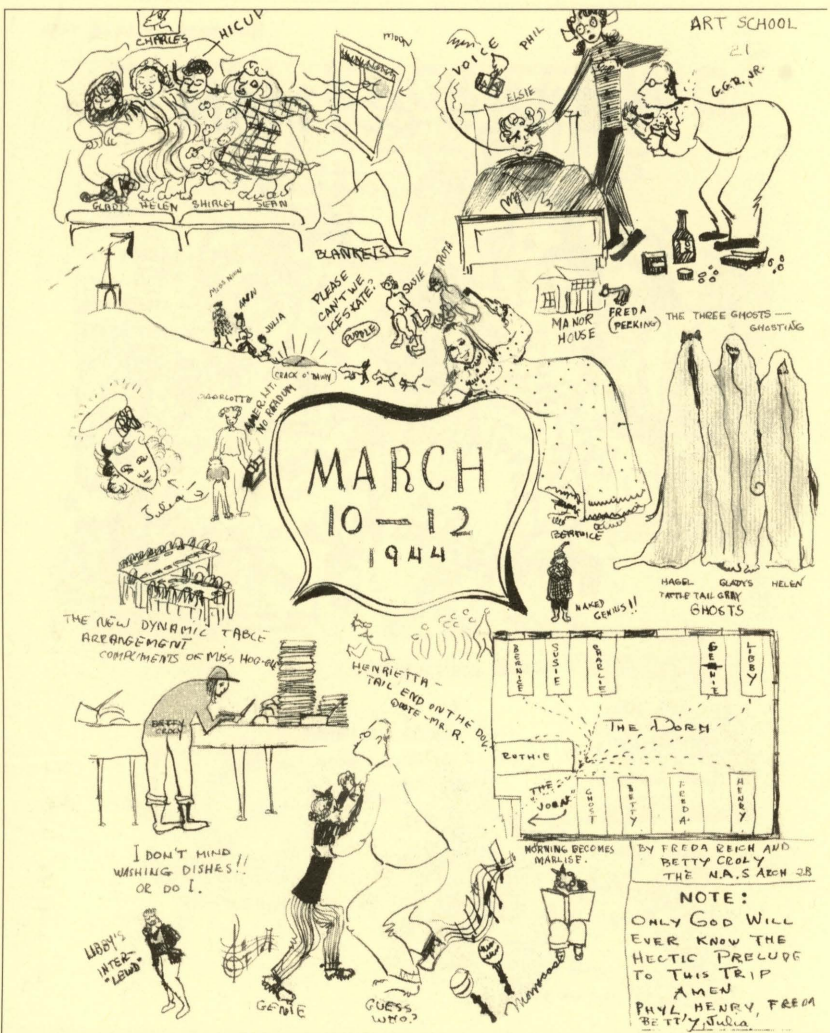
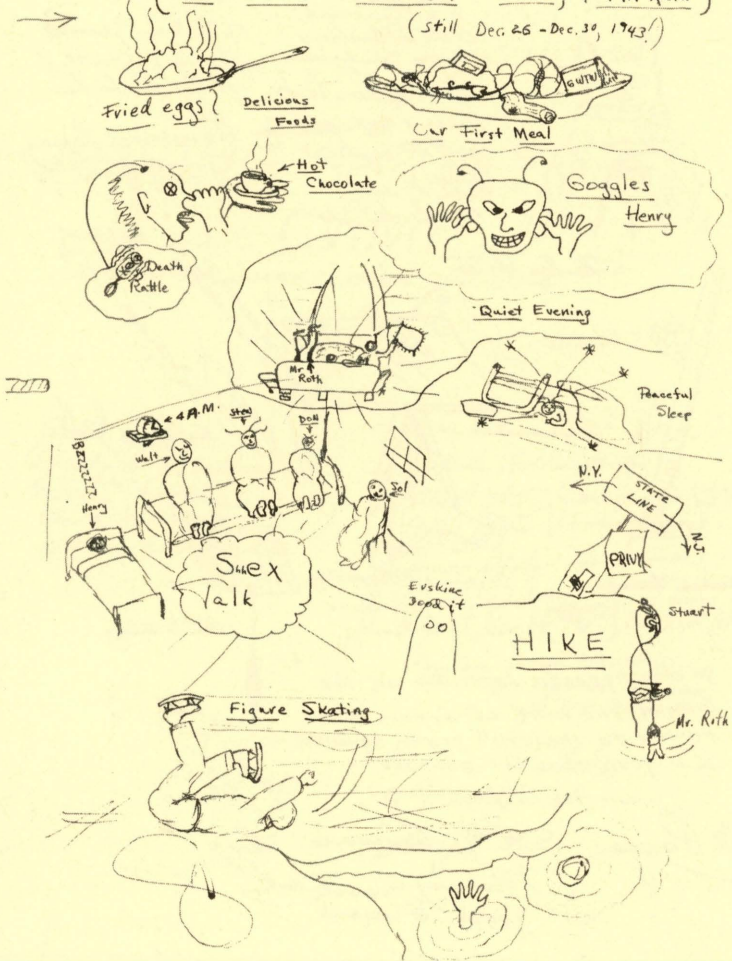
Charles W. Churchill
Rovaria, W. Churchill

Cora Lee Jay
 Ruth Reimer
 Claire Ferguson
 P. J. & L. Pelous
 Shirley J. J. J.
 Zeke Odes

Leona Lupin
Susanne Löw
Rose Mellen

{Ye Olde Section Four, + Mr. Roth}

(Still Dec. 26 - Dec. 30, 1943)

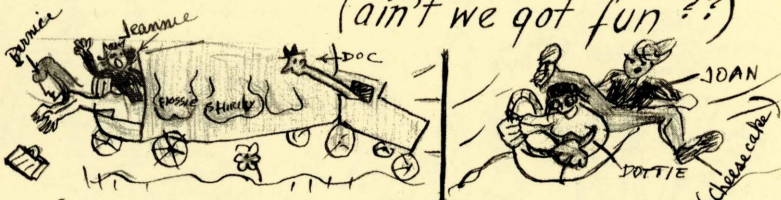


January 29, 1944

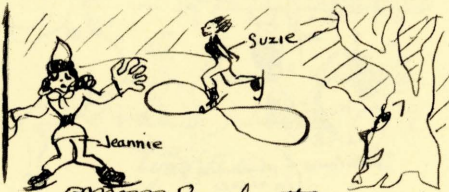
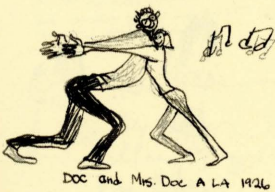
the

the SAME MAN AND 17 GIRLS !!

(ain't we got fun ??)



① WE ARRIVE ② TO BEGIN - OR NOT TO -



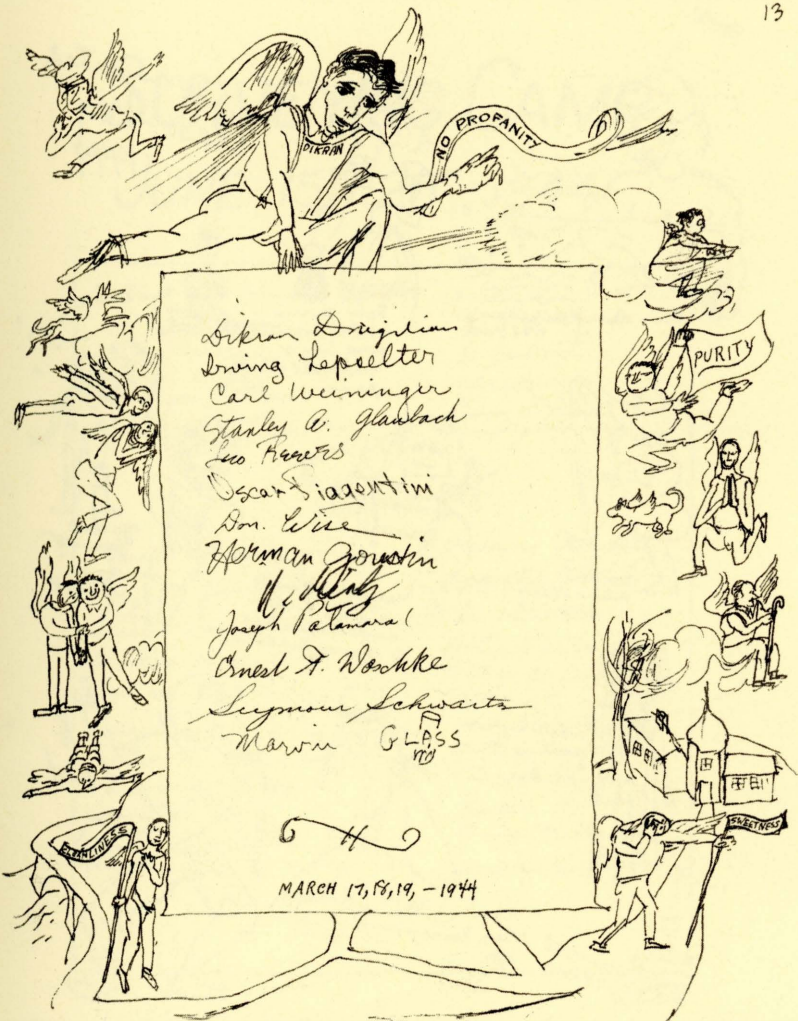
GRUBB 8 and others -

Martha Churchill
 Francis V. Churchill
 Jerry Shaw
 Suzanne Low
 Bernie Greenwald
 The Quin & Bunnie
 Jones
 the school teacher
 House Greenwald
 Ruth Riman

Dottie Spurno
 Jeannie Whitten
 Gene Unger
 Shirley Voss
 Lily Rappaport
 Mary Hershey
 Charlotte Barber

(continued) →

13



Some days when engineers did go
 These people in patches
 They changed - you wouldn't know the place
 It's artists now who scotch.

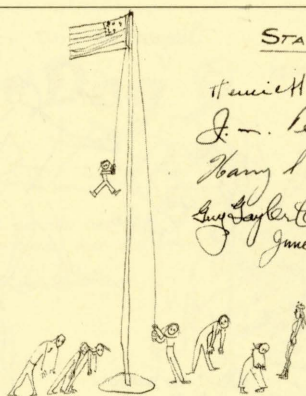
The old life still is friendly
 Men make little like men
 The sea and waves have left their mark
 On arms and legs and necks.

But drastic change has been made
 The diggers round a man
 The sea and things are pulled up high
 The pictures go pile up less.

For though we work - we slave all day
 (Kissels at us)
 We get a few more time to play
 And then to pick off ticks.

We get a just check full of paper
 The list makes out our backs
 We're so many lovely things -
 But can not write - and that's

The reason why we gonna be
 A body says that's wrong
 And you're gonna and the pain
 We got us artists gloried.



STAFF

Huette Schuch
 J. Peterson
 Mary L. West
 E. Taylor, Oland
 June 1st, 1944

June 1 to June 14
 1944

Sarah Evenson
 Lily Archer
 Mary Briggs
 Alta Butkus
 Shirley Harris
 Susanna Jaffe
 Phyllis Skunk & Kolarick
 Miriam Schlinger
 Grace Madli
 Leonard Elgorduy
 Marian Ladauer
 Marion Thernstein

Edna Evans
 Hanna Adler
 Eva Stein
 Bernice Grunwald
 Florie Greengold
 Irma Chert
 Mollie Buszman
 Elsie Mares
 Gladys Darnace

OVER

SURVEYING CAMP JUNE 15TH-28TH, 1944

STAFF

John G. Mara
 J. Peterson
 John A. Ely
 William E. Brown
 Old Henderson
 Kenneth C. Rymer (6/23/44)

M. Zellnitz
 L. Dornbach
 Lorraine Martin
 Mary L. West
 E. Taylor, Oland

STUDENTS

George John (casualty - m)
 Joseph P. Jusselman
 William J. Wisner
 Abraham Blumberg
 William Oshinsky
 Seymour J. Schulman
 David H. Hargis
 Lawrence Levy
 Henry M. Gorky
 Bill Herskowitz
 Abraham Lorne

Murray Crandell
 Frederick V. P. Hargis
 William G. Hestate
 Mortar Bellman
 Arthur Schwartz
 Alper, & a herd
 of Elephants
 Alexander Brey
 Peter Imagne
 Bernard L. Lorne
 David Mackintosh
 James Van Nort

Mildred Halfway
 Esther de Jarnet
 Cherche

August 25 - 27, 1944



APPROACH TO ENGINEERING YOUR PROFESSION

OCTOBER 6-8, 1944
STUDENTS

W. Fred Hoffman

Judy Babin

Harold S. Margolis

George Adyan

Helen Nagarsky

Leonard Beck

Harold J. Pashman

Helen Shapiro

Harold Pappas

William Arnold Switzer

Bernie Reiffen

Irving Spicowick

Colburn Seltz

William P. P. Kim

Ed Fine

Marvin Seitelbaum

Robert C. Park

Barry Gold

Stanley MacPhie

Barry Herman

Jack Elanby

Smith (Shirley, the Beaver) Sherman

Arthur Schwartz

William Borge

Levy Lehman

Joseph Deane

Ernie Munn

Irving Weber

Marvin Weinstein

Jerome Ben-Horowitz

Leonard Kapteich

Bernard Strossner

Nathan Natanian

Bob Gumpel

STAFF AND
DAY E.E. 27.

Harold L. Bamber

Geo. F. Bateman Day E.E. 27

Edna W. Deed day 37

John H. Hollinger

William Winkler

Frederic A. Miller DAY E.E. 26

George B. Raddick Jr.

Edwin S. Purdell

Kenneth G. Reynolds

J. M. Liscow

VISITORS

Harry J. West

Murray Zeleny

George Pomborok

Abraham Blumberg

Sophie Bergogka

Maria Ulatov

Sam M. King

Labor Day

SEPT. 1 to 4

Sept. 3, 1944

Our Boys have
Invaded Germany!

God Bless America!!!

THANK YOU Dr. & Mrs. Bundell
FOR THE GRAND TIME WE
HAD AT YOUR HOUSE IN THE
COUNTRY"

Who likes burnt food?

Who cooked potatoes so
that everyone thought
it was the first place
spicy.

Senora Swain
Betty Martin (18!)

Tracy Sherman
Alicia Golden

Phyllis Haffeyman (Birthday
cakes eaten by up to 100
men!)

Alice Friedenthal
Betty Reynolds

Alice Papayan
Judy Friedman

Male Invasion - Monday

Sept 4 - One day
Sept 5 - One day

Manfred
William Pepper
Helen Barker

SHAW, SHAW-
CELA WILL
PASS ARCHITECTURE

BETTY R. HED A MALE
ALL EVENING

FERRY IS
STILL PECKING
AT HER HANKY

BETTY HAS
A SWEET
TOOTH FOR
CHOCOLATE

LEONA STILL
USES
LINIMENT.
WHEEEEEEE

WINT WEGOT FUN.

THIS IS
'SALTY'

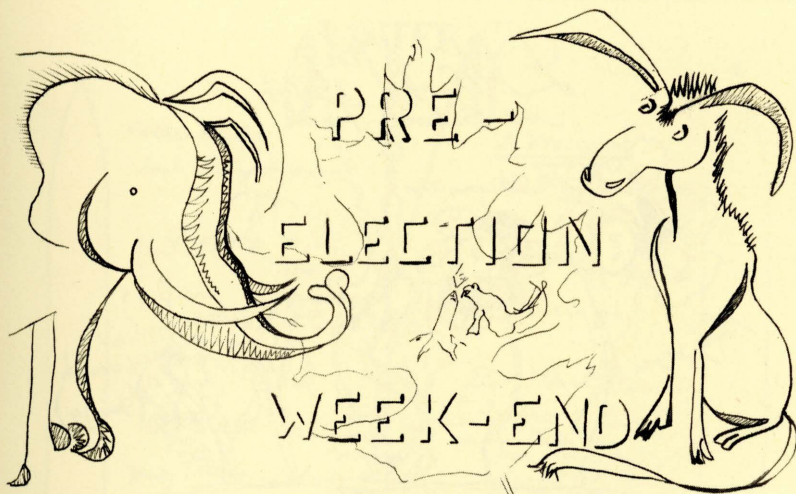
OF COURSE IT WAS THE CAT.

Alice's had walked down to the
gun room - And Judy's - you know where

We almost used all the
Blossoms of soda in the
place.

Ruth E. Reynolds.
Kenneth C. Reynolds

45



ART SCHOOL CLASS OF '46

Julia L. Cooke "Cookie"
Joan P. Myles
Margaret Geraldine Ferraris
(Home Run King)
Allie B. Traubner
Phyllis Roberg

Hunette Schitz
Olivia Papalich
Lawrence L. Dobby
Jocelyn J. J. J.
Mary Trisorian (O)
Alice Papayan (O)
Rene Haimann
Lyane B. Meyers
Harry Robinson
Achille Palizzari - Torrington, Conn.
Michael N. J. J.
Jenn

November 5, 1944

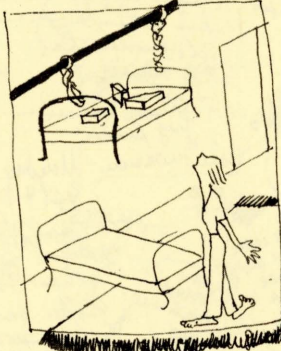
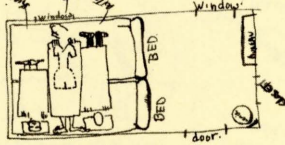
VERDICT NEXT WEEK!

Nov. 22 - 26 - 1944

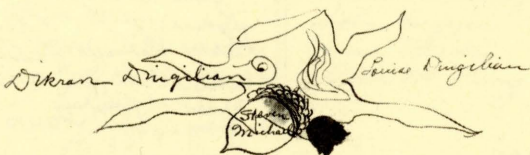
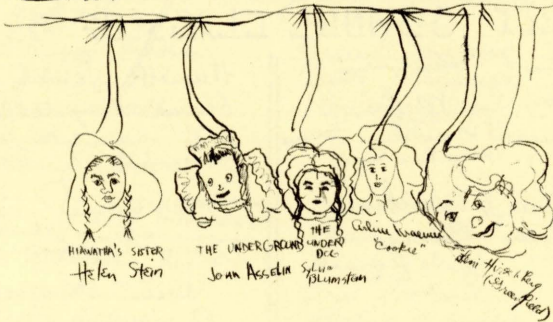
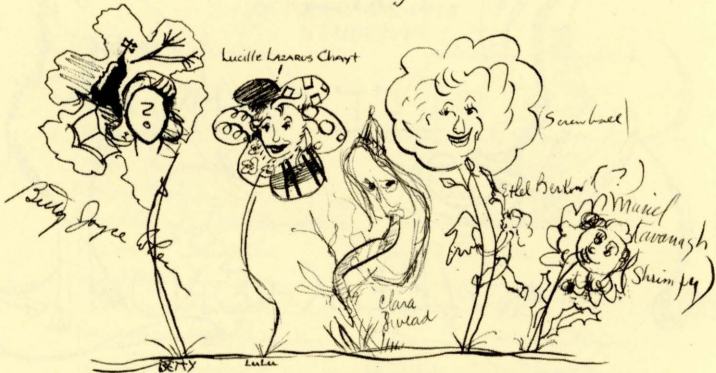
The All-American Gals

Bessie Samuel
 Shirley Voket
 Ruth Reiman
 Alice Golden
 Judy Bernstein
 Matilda Benjeman
 Elsie Mace
 Rhoda Nelson
 Tony Orenge
 Wilfred Halfman
 Ron Tullman
 Dorothy Chubb

Suzanne Low
 J. Tally Martin
 Phyllis Salons
 Betty Dinn
 Grace Rubin
 Zella Oles



Dec. 17th 1944
 At School Frosh



AMALGAMATED BACHELORS INC.



INCORPORATED NOV. 23, 1944

(Master Bachelor)

Bluff
(Through brush + fire)

Manfred Jones
"Better late than Never"
(We didn't reach the banner post)

J. Thomas Seldoff "J.T."

Norman Western
(Bachelor's Wife)

Earl W. Curtis

Hett Leaten

Harry Gaffee

William H. Pepper

Ira N. Kullback

Herald J. Lieberman

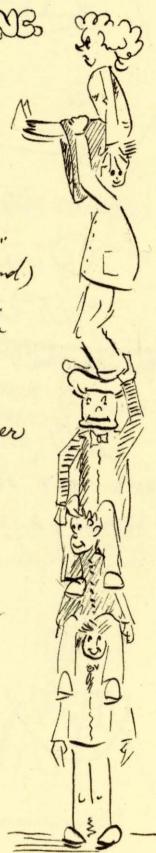
Joe Blomdred

[The Grand Bachelor]
Dase Zand

~~Will Hughes~~

Charles Hamilton Jones

Arthur L. Engleman
The Brain - Don Weinblatt



WINTER

VACATION

Group Leader:

Levi "Sharty" Lieberman

A Precedent

No Faculty Advisor

Students

Merry Christmas

→ a Happy New Year

Students

from Everyone

Gil Fine

Ed "Ampits" Salty

Wesley Tannenbaum

Bill (An shuffling)
(The Bedroom Look) → Ritkin

Ed Trunk
(WITH A DULL SPOON)

Irv (Red)
Weber
(carrots)

WEEK OF

DEC. 21-24
Q-3

our favorite
pastime

Sharty "Mink" Lieberman

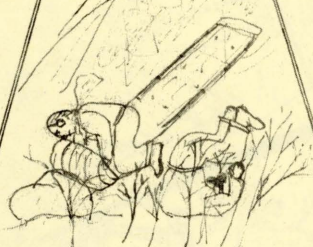
Arthur Schwartz
(Broke All The Big Pieces)
(Whiskey - Say We Have up
Some Women)

Barney Ruffen

Bob Vartanian

Leo Spencak

Marvin Seitelbaum
(Handsome Bread, Tallas 1st)



1944

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM

Judy (an) Bernstein
Teddy Martin
Walt Baskin
Susanne Lott

LEAVE IT TO DAKIN!!

Rhoda Nelson
Evelyn Morgan
Dan Hyman

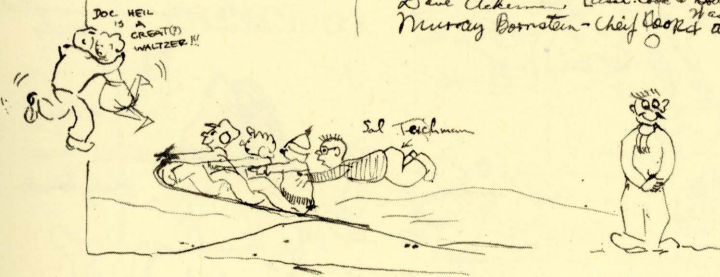
J.T. Sellhoff
M. Alpern.

Leslie Bernd
Lent #
The two of us
Laurie & Larry

Reddy Doback (B.K. City)
Sandra "Murray Crandall" Silver
Berta Edelstein
Ruth Reiman
Ber. Katzman (S.I.)
Morton Feldman B.C.E.!

THE KITCHEN STAFF

Dore Ackerman, I want Cook & Betty
Murray Bornstein - Chief Cook etc



FEBRUARY 9
10
11



Well it's over
(a couple)
Elaine Frank

Joan Tutton
Anne M. Henderson



Sally Redlin
George Kate Redding



Susanne Low

We did some work!
The last time ^{ever} sniffs sniffs!
Genie Lingo

Charlotte Barber

Charlotte Ziegen

So long
young
Mabel Bristling



Thelma Tegen

Once the sea she flies
Perfect & painted & face
stale & only true-lab's eyes
Teach me to do & to dare!
Now will I fly as she flies...:
Woe for the stars that
misted!
Stars that never in her eyes
Now do see in my head!
- Kipling



OUCH! M. Faley

Bonnie Mount

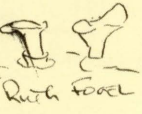
Shirley Palmateer



I'll never
eat again
Lobby Rappaport
always sitting
and eating
Mr. Good Friend



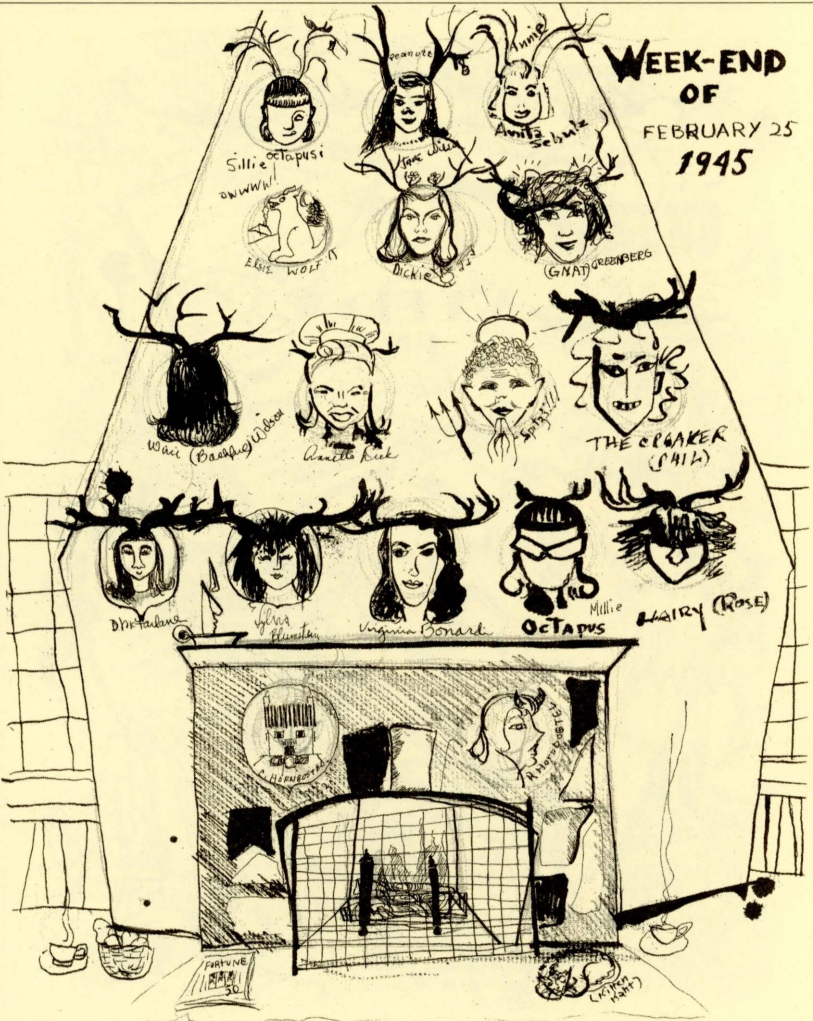
Marline Pagoudy



Ruth Foel

Hanne H. Hanny

WEEK-END
OF
FEBRUARY 25
1945



Sillie Octopusi



Elgie Wolf II



Dickie



GNAT GREENBERG



Wae (Basking) Wae



Wae (Basking) Wae



THE CRACKER (SHIL)



THE CRACKER (SHIL)



DM. Hanny



DM. Hanny



DM. Hanny



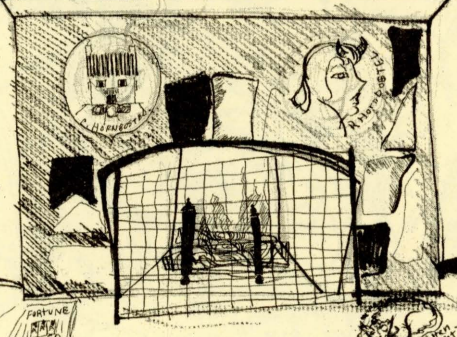
DM. Hanny



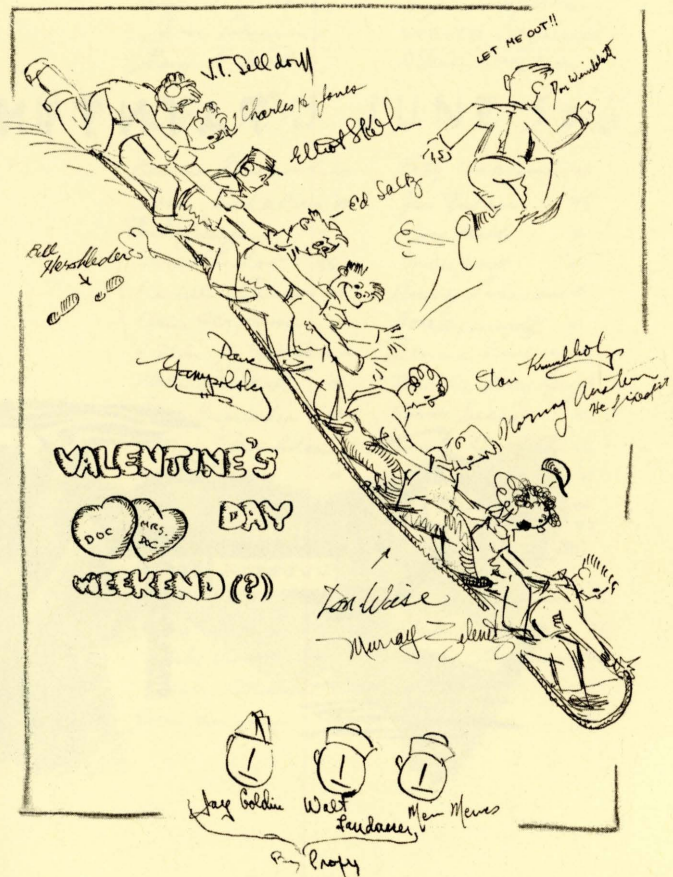
DM. Hanny



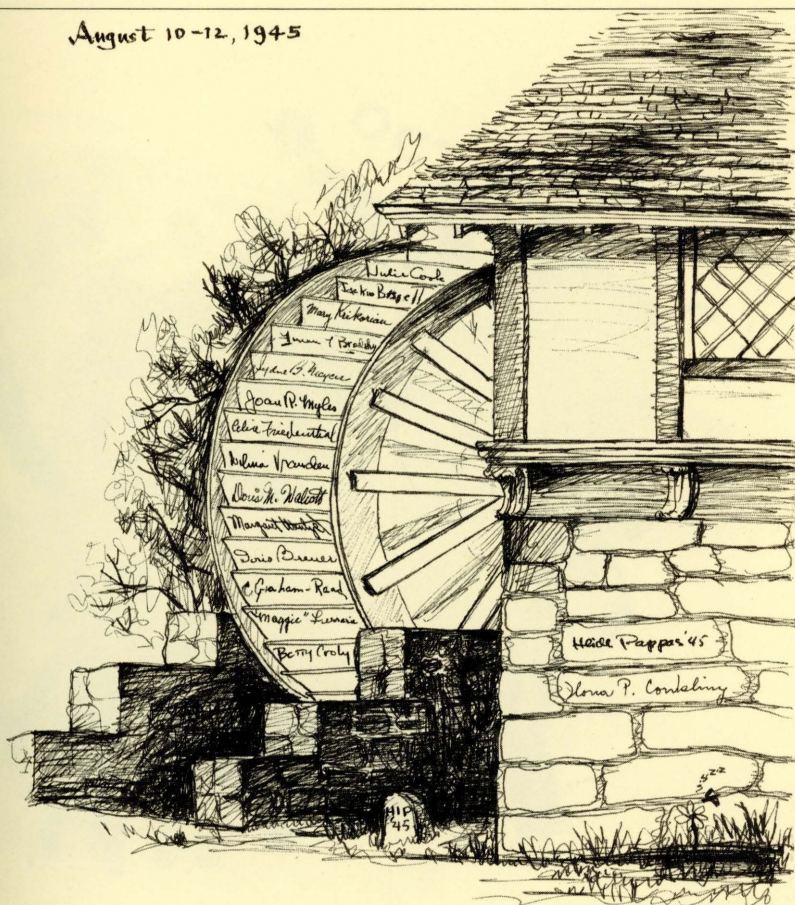
DM. Hanny



DM. Hanny

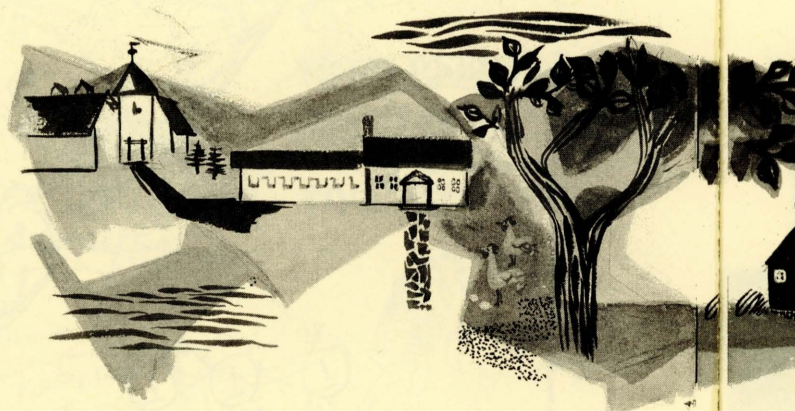


August 10-12, 1945



PAINTING

G1



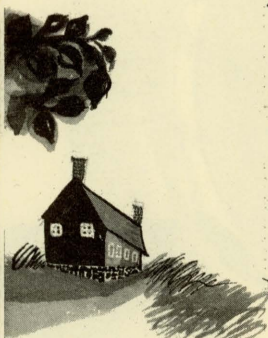
Emma S. Burdell
 J. M. Peterson
 Mary A. West.

Laura Dingilian
 STEVEN DINGILIAN
 Vikran Dingilian

GROUP OF 1945 JUNE 3rd / 6

Bennie Greenwood '46
 Sara Sakalian '45
 Shirley Hagel '45
 Sumame Low '45
 Piriella Bender '46
 Claire Ferguson '46
 Lillian J. Egerman '46
 Phyllis K. Mink '46
 Olivia Hoopalliter '47
 Myrona Herobstein
 Ruth Reiman '46
 Evelyn LaPine '49
 Gladys Dorrance '46
 Alfred Rola '47
 Allen Spaiser '45
 Heidi Pappas '45
 Shirley Pravan '46
 Elsie Mares '46
 Emma Brumby '46

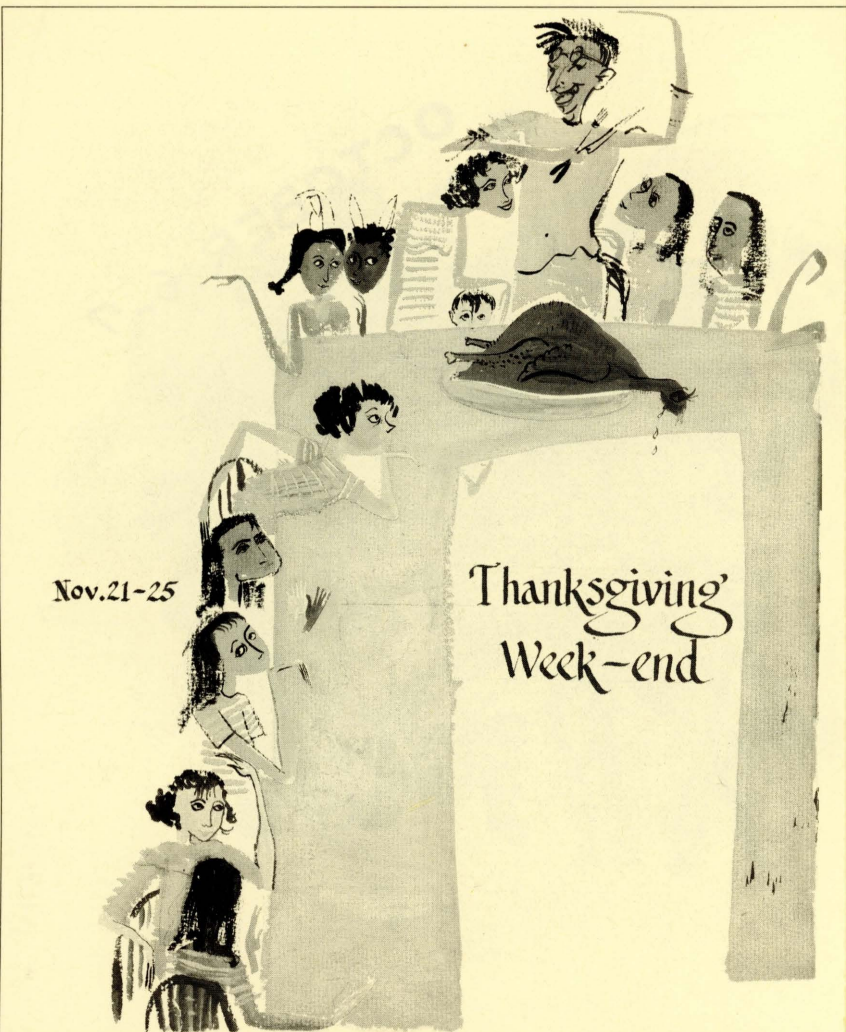
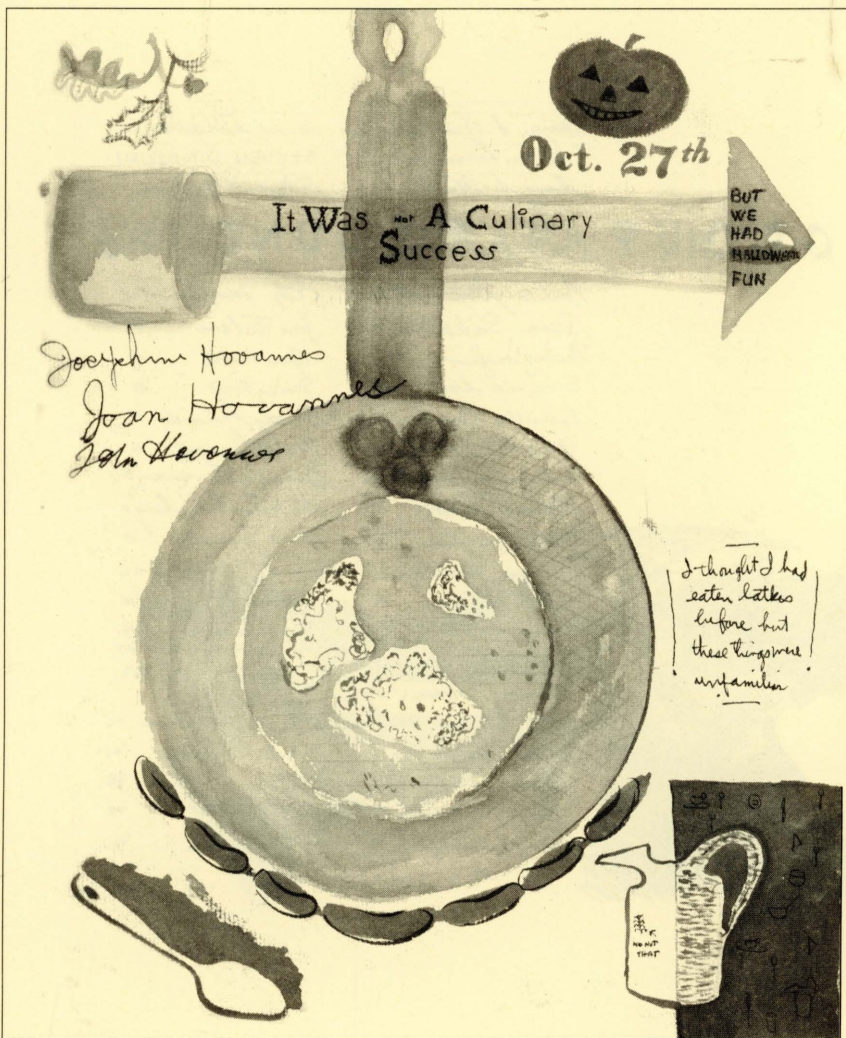
Betty Norton '46
 Jean Falcon '45
 Grace Madoli '46
 Shirley Vanot '46
 Dorothy Schneider '46
 Harold Lewowitz '46
 Bonnie Levine '46
 Natalie Greenberg '47
 Clara Suead '47
 Leonard Clardney '46
 Lenore Firschberg '47
 Joe Palamuro '46
 Lucille Kagan '47
 '13 7008109K0 27 89112
 Irova Sakin '46
 Maria Kalakura '46
 Sheila Berkeley '45
 Matilda Benjamin '46
 Judith Bernstein '47
 Corinne Dohi '46



OCTOBER 6-7 1945 weekend

Sue Sack
 Alan Gold
 Howard Post
 Fred Muehman
 Fred Fick
 Jean Roanbaum
 Phil Harris
 Mary Robinson
 Annie Shapiro
 Paul Hess
 Susan Hess
 Gloria DeGregorio
 Sunday







Teddy Martin
 Charles Dick Kiki Leib Wilhelm Schmidt
 Gary Frey
 Norma Newman
 Betty Hemlock
 Tony D. Bakant
 W. Simpson
 Carol Rostwick
 "TUT" !!

Edward Cirlin
 Jay Goldin
 Larry Bernstein
 Murray Zelinsky
 Ted Snyder
 Sig Kei (K)
 Bill Haynes
 David Young, Pitt, USA
 K. B. B. B.
 Bill King

DEC. 28, '45



Feb 2nd 1884

Leone Frickberg
Joan Asellin



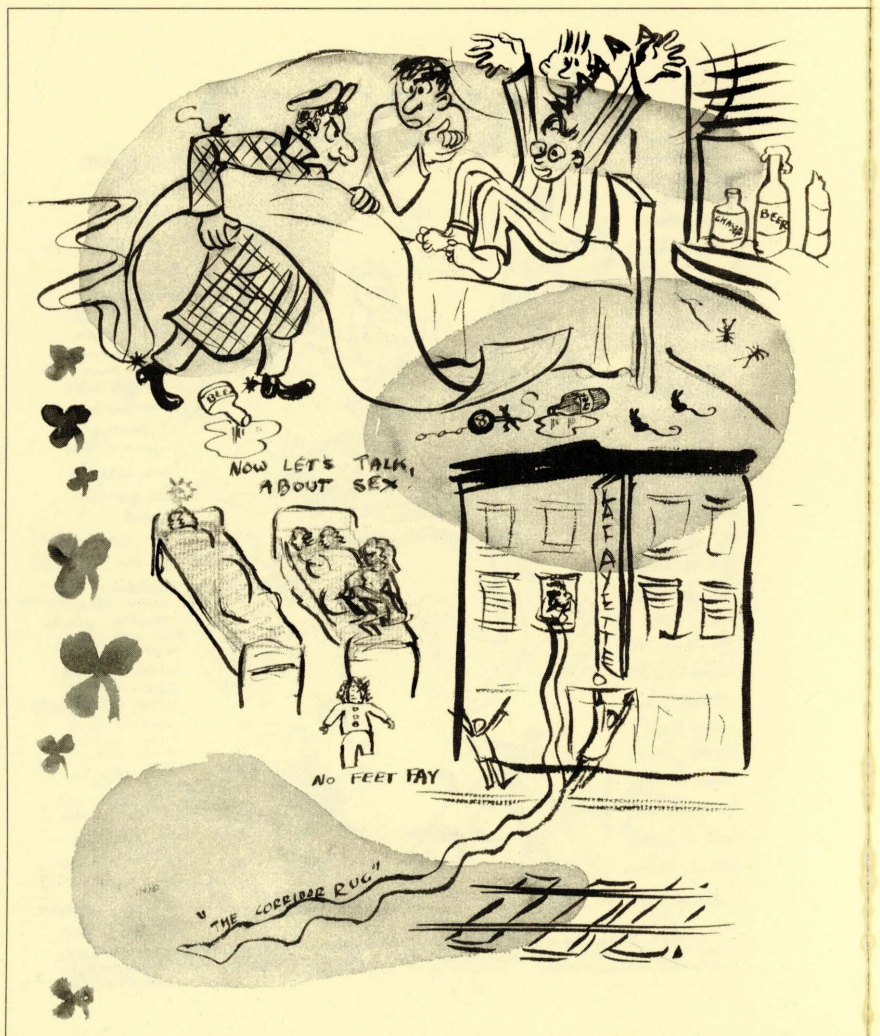
MONTAG FORTZ

dec. 26-29



decreases due
And some of

[illegible]



last Weekend before
the end of school

I should have done my architecture trade

June Goldstein
 Arthur M. Goldman
 Max Goldwasser, Gloria Wolff-
 Goldstein
 M. Blaustein
 Pearl Katz

Will my
muscles be sore
tomorrow?

I come up with the master boys

"The Tas"

"You should see me in uniform."

Who's gonna take
the black marks
off the floor?
It was nice
but those
100 cent
enough
bought

a sweet weekend
spent in front of the
fireplace

SAY-JACOBS-
DID WE COME TO
PATTERSON YET

YOU PASSED
IT!

WOT DID
YOU CALL
ME?

FREY AND LESSMAN
COLLIDE PLAYING
VOLLEYBALL

SUN BATHING AT MAJOR HOUSE

Last (?) Co-ed Weekend
March 16, 17, 1946

Wm. J. Alexander

E. Laine Lib

Ursula Antoinette

Miss Kaufman

Ledy Martin

Frank J. Meyer

Frances Haw

Dear Ray

Trapis

of (mustache)

Louis Finger

Anthony Fungai

Gay Forman

Edith Winter (noted?)

Murray Jacobson
Evan 829/18man

Remigrat

W. C. C. C.

Harry M. Schaffer

Burgess

all the same

Antenna

Al Normandy

(about to be drafted or expelled)

Don Sweet

maximally

[illegible]

85

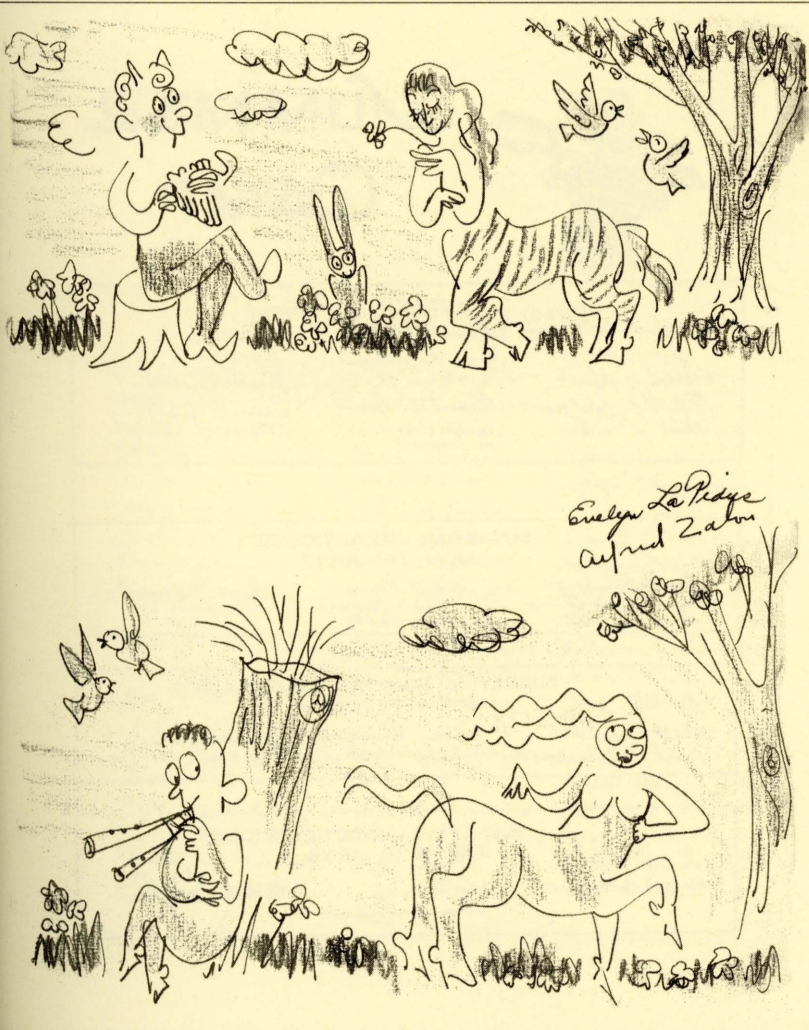
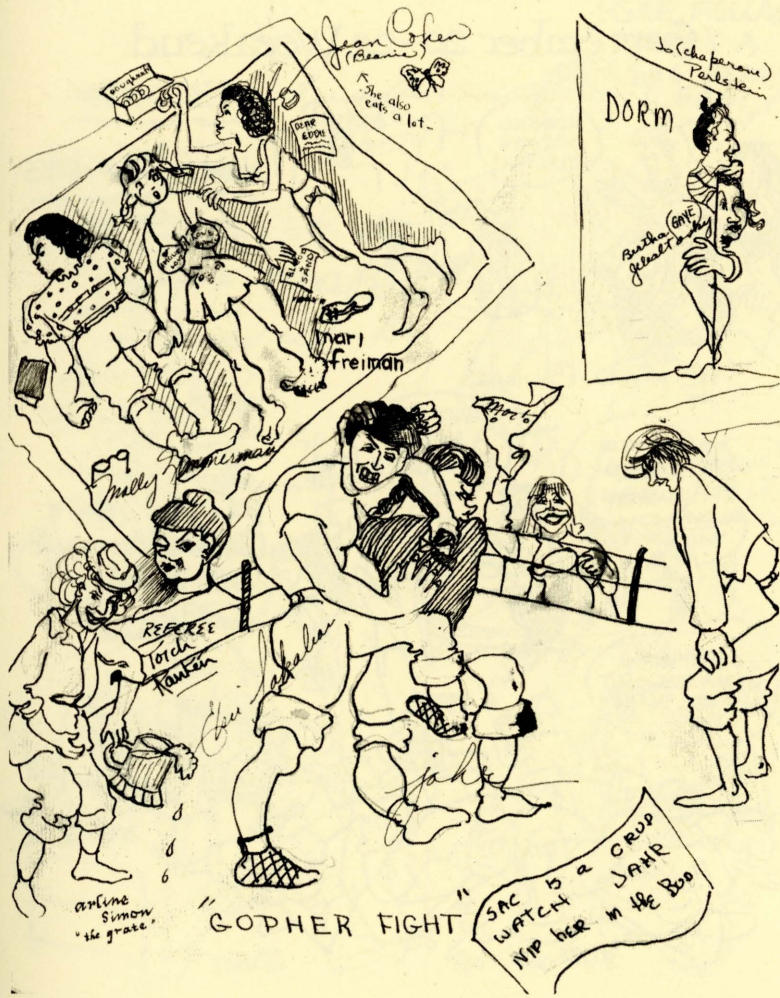
5 A.M. WEEKEND OF April 6th
"Scholastic Code week"



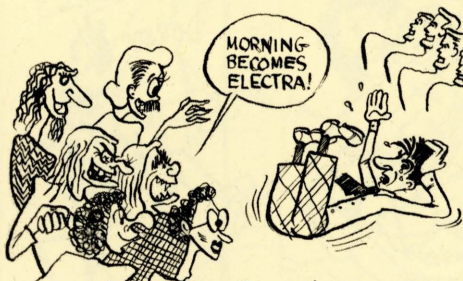
Sunday April 28
1946

Carol Harrison
Stephen Mulick
Symeon Mumfintle
Beatrice Goshing
Conant's
Hannah Polansky
Flavene Pope
Ayl Mucka
Myer Bokim
Gloria Fograin
Hermes Grey.





September 20-22 Weekend



WE win in Charades



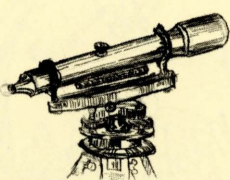
I DON'T WANNA SAY ANYTHING—BUT MOE FELL IN THE FIRE—



HOMO-SAPIENS

Tom J. Schuss
Arnold D. Giallo
Roy Cagney
Eugene O'Neil
Alfred Hitchcock
Charles North
Melton M. Levine
Fate Clark
Muriel Hughes
Michael J. Shapiro
Alphonse Normandin
Louis Traskis
Max Oberman
N. 201

SUMMER CAMP



STAFF

William C. Brown	Charles O. Dawson	Luis Stast
Foy Levy	Jim. Peterson	Teddy Martin
Edward J. Halper	John A. Egan	Richard Rosenberg
Fred Verity	Sammy L. West	Lewis V. Sobel
	A. Chertain	Alfred C. Howard
	M. Zelenetz	

SURVEYING PRACTICE IV JULY 1 TO JULY 3

Richard Rosenberg	Robert Heine	Louis V. Sobel
Frank Rebers	Alfred C. Howard	Foy Levy
	Fred Verity	

SURVEYING PRACTICE II (EVE) & III (DAY) JUNE 16 TO JUNE 29

Samuel Schneider	Harry Fanger	Frank Rebers
Frank J. Kacerow	Sydney M. Kacal	Robert Heine

SURVEYING PRACTICE II (DAY) JUNE 16 TO JULY 6

Murray Bernstein	Ted Heine	Wilfred Helfman
	Samuel Singer	

WENCHES

Sylvia Medawsky
 Rita P. Engel
 Nellie Under
 Rita Schuman "Lee"
 Lucie Adler
 Wolf
 Naomi
 Ed BA
 Edy M...
 Antenne Lipo
 (Hole) Cornelia Gill
 Charlotte Heng
 Sylvia Hume Evelyn Hester

Paul Macklony
 Francis Dan

GEE, FELLAS
 THERE'S A
 SAG IN MY
 BED!

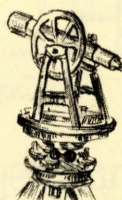
WELL, THROW
 HER OUT!

WHO SAYS
 YOU CAN'T FOOL
 THE CHAPERONS

HAIAE !!
 EKAEEI
 ZOHAS



SURVEYING 1946



SURVEYING PRACTICE I (DAY EVE) JUNE 16 TO JUNE 29

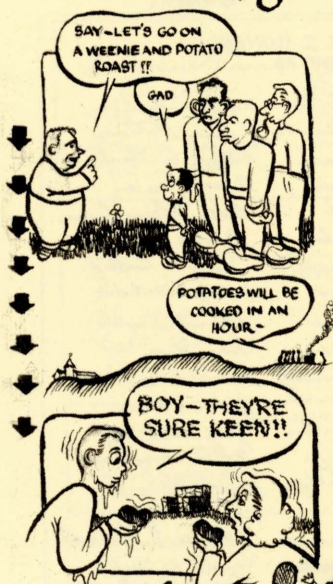
William Levine	Bob J. Harris	Ermauer Gordon
Nathaniel Lee Jones	Jayrol H. Selman	Leon Martin
W. J. Hollister W202A	George F. H. Selman	Arthur A. Sheffield
Helen Lora Greenwald	Charles Bondris	Arthur J. Gansky
Fred Albrecht	Herbert C. Reed	Oscar Fleischman
Erwin Wagner	Edward Sachs	George Berghard
Jack Horvick	Edwin Aspin	Emmett F. Giville Jr.
Claring Segelman	Ed Shapiro	Franklyn D. McClintock
Bernard Lichtenstein	Henry Hochstadt	Anthony P. Tranjillo
W. A. Rubin	John J. Ingram	Charm Lora Jay
Edward F. Feldman	Leopoldus Janowski	William Kaselmann
Leid Zige	Norman Kopolman	Jordan S. Kase
Wm C. DeLong	James Harrison	Gray Shores Eng
Robert Wansant	Matthew M. Zandella	Sol Q. Tenenbaum
Irwin Lee Leitner	William F. Phillips	Herbert J. Wagner
John B. Betsy	Pearl Yang	Charles W. H.
Bill Wargholkey	Irene C. Kymison	Norman K. Leckmutter
Paul Brocken	Catherine C. Ferguson	Gerald W. Chitt
Gerald M. Gardner	Maria Kowalski	Rita H. G. G. G.
Elvin Krinsky	Daniel Gross	Paul O. Hauer
	Ernest Jones	



THE PIONEER

The Cooper Union Student Publication

Thanksgiving Weekend



Though Walter's cooking makes you sick
 And Elsie's geeping galls you...
 Though Panos pulls a dirty trick
 And often tries to maul you -
 Though Burgess sing the same old song
 Josh White does much better...
 And all your plans seem to go wrong
 With no help from the weather,
 Though the fireplace doesn't stay lit up,
 While Sheldon somehow manages..
 But K Square's jokes will never flop
 Or Al's elbows suffer damages
 Though trouble, trouble, is your lot
 And gives you cause for rue,
 I'd give most anything I've got
 To be at Green with you !! au

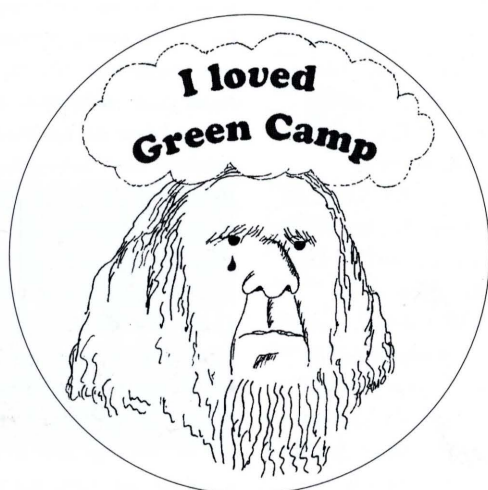
St. Murray Bornstein in absentia



25 DAY STUDENTS 10 NIGHT STUDENTS
 SEVEN GRADUATED STUDENTS
 TWO THIRD YEAR NIGHT STUDENTS
 SEVENTEEN SECOND YEAR DAY STUDENTS
 FIVE FIRST YEAR DAY STUDENTS
 FOUR SECOND YEAR NIGHT STUDENTS

DIRECTOR OF CAMP J.M. PETERSON
 INSTRUCTOR OF PAINTING DIKRAN DINGILIAN
 CHAPERONE MRS. LOUISE DINGILIAN
 MASCOT STEPHEN MICHAEL DINGILIAN
 SUPERINTENDENT HARRY WEST
 COOKS TERRY OBERMAYER JUDITH BERNSTEIN
 DISHWASHERS MATHILDA BURGENMAN ELSIE MARES





...and so did we

*Memories of Green Camp from alumni
who visited, surveyed, painted, cooked, swam,
acted, washed pots and pans, photographed,
danced, hiked, read, studied, played ball,
took nature walks, sketched, smelled flowers,
found new friends, enjoyed a campus life,
broke down interdisciplinary barriers,
and still remember.*

I remember: sitting on Erskine's front porch roof with Ken Meyer and a ton of snowballs to greet those who took the bus to camp.... we, of course, had driven and beaten them....leading a trip to paint day-glo stripes on the pole in the middle of the athletic field that I always seemed to bump into at night, and then unpainting it as it was just too ugly during daylight.... planning many joint trips with Mary Bono and Mary Ann Nichols and how I probably would never have met them or any other art or architecture students....I remember how I stayed friends with them without Green Camp....cooking a twenty-pound meatloaf shaped like a bunny rabbit, with Bob Kudder on a food lovers' trip, and putting an American flag on it....cutting firewood, again with Ken, on a rainy weekend while others brought us hot soup and cocoa all day....playing frisbee hockey on the frozen shuffle board court or footsie hockey on the floor of the social hall in main camp.....a wonderful surveying weekend led by Professor Pfafflin the 2DCEs designing a skating rink and presenting the design to Mary Blade as if we were really going to be

the hospital to visit Chuck Feinstein who broke or sprained something....taking all the bread trays on the hill above the engineers' bridge and sledding down on frozen snow and having everyone



jump on you to stop you from going into the river, until we sort of hurt Carl Selinger and decided that it might not be the safest thing to do.....an incredible pillow fight in the barn. All the facts are unclear, but I remember the pillows flying and the bats....lots of good food and dancing and talking and playing cards and games and that great shuffle board table in Main Camp and the hats hung on the antlers in the main hall and sitting by the fire and swimming in the pond and just being able to be out of the city and able to be a social creature and relax for a little while—and lots and lots more wonderful memories of a truly magical place!
RONALD WEINSTEIN, CE '67



allowed to build it and how upset we all were when we weren't given an ok....the wonderful walks to Ringwood Manor and the tours of the Manor House, where I still enjoy going to visit....walking past the graveyard at night....especially at Halloween....the ski trip where we actually left camp to go to Sterling Forest and then going to

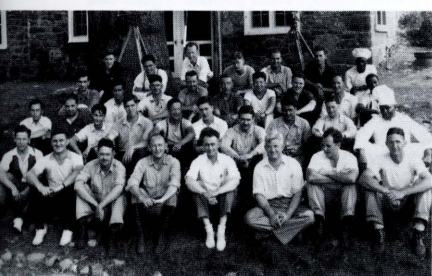
Being accepted into the School of Art and Architecture at age 16 in 1965 was a life altering experience. I grew up in Astoria, Queens, and although I went to Music and Art, I was totally panicked about what attending Cooper Union would be like. My first challenge was September freshman orientation at a far-away place in New Jersey called Green Camp.

Believe it or not, I had never slept away from home before. My mom was Italian and my dad German, and as first generation orphaned Americans who never



made it to college, they rarely left NYC. I was nervous about the prospect of sleeping away.

Now, I should be embarrassed to admit this, but there were two issues that I became obsessed with. The first was that I had never worn pajamas (my father, brother and I all slept in our underwear at home)...and we didn't own any luggage. I remember the conversations around the dinner table in late August '65 about all this and the family decision to take me shopping...for loose leaf paper and sketch pads...for cool art school clothes...for a suitcase...and for pajamas. It was truly a family event. I remember all the negotiations about everybody's idea of what was hip. I was overwhelmed. I was sure I would be the only true geek in the Freshman Class.



As it turned out I was indeed a bit of a weirdo that first year, but so were we all. How reassuring to find out that we were all scared about coming to Cooper Union. How wonderful it was for me to learn that all that had segregated me from others before now bonded me to an amazing group of young people embarking on a transformational journey together.

I still don't wear pajamas, and the one pair I own is in the bottom of my underwear drawer as a reminder, along with my old and yellow newsprint pad of charcoal drawings of the first naked people I ever saw, of the beginning of my life with art.

ROBERT RINDLER, ARCH '70
DEAN, SCHOOL OF ART

I found Green Camp, and the experiences it offered, an essential part of my development as an artist.

FRED BRANDES ART '69

Any student can memorize what is put on the board or read in the textbook. So can a robot. But a robot, unlike the student, need not relate life with other people. The weekend programs at Green Camp taught life and human relationships as it never could exist or happen in the classroom, much less the city. I, for one, entered Cooper Union from high school with a severely limited world of existence. I would have remained so stultified if not for the program of leadership and the trips to Green Camp in which I was lucky enough to partake.

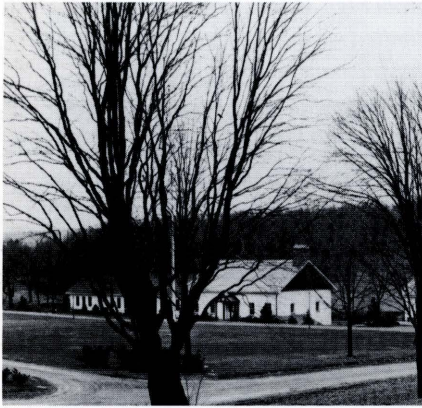
GEORGE L. CHOY, PHYSICS '69

When I look back upon my years at Cooper, the time I spent at Green Camp remains vividly in my mind as the high point in the educational process. To me the camp served as much more than a "recreational facility." The purpose of a college education is surely broader in scope than mere book learning. Cooper has always suffered the difficulties of any school located in the inner city area, with commuting students, no campus, and limited dormitory and recreational facilities. Green Camp provided many of those missing elements to students who would otherwise have missed them, and by so doing, was instrumental in allowing the student who visited the camp to absorb an organic, total education from his stay at Cooper.

As a former student leader and residence counselor at the Camp, I had the opportunity to witness first hand in scores of students the beginnings and continuations of the growth process to adulthood that Green Camp provided.
JON D. ELLENBOGEN, ME '62

I believe I have spent more time at Green Camp than any other Cooperite and I consider myself very fortunate. During my time as a student at Cooper (1945-1948), I succeeded in going to Green Camp on weekends in the spring, autumn, and winter.

In the spring of 1947 I was one of eighteen men (most were returning GIs) and twelve women chosen for an intensive three week painting trip at Green Camp. Professor Ray Dowden was our painting instructor. I spent most of my time with



two very fine and extraordinarily talented art students, Bernadine De Yulio and Larry Bernstein. In a way, they determined my future, for I gave up Commercial Art and decided to go into the Fine Arts. I had difficulty in persuading Professor Dowden, but finally he relented and allowed me to go into the Fine Arts Program.

Some of the most delightful times we had at Green Camp were when we played softball against the Jackson Whites. They lived in the Ramapo Mountains and were the descendants of West Africans, Hessian soldiers, American Tories and Tuscarona Indians. They had light eyes and various shades of complexion from light to dark. It was fun playing ball with them.

In the summer of 1969, Jean Cohen and I taught a painting class at Green Camp. It was the summer that the astronauts landed

on the moon. The students were ex-Cooper Art students and some engineers. It was a good group. We painted all day long, and after supper we all went out with the teachers to draw landscapes, usually in the vicinity of Hewitt Manor House. It was a great experience. There was no place to hide. We all worked very hard.

My wife, son and I continued going back to Green Camp for Alumni picnics. After the camp closed, we often visited and took friends to the Hewitt Manor House and its environs, visiting the tiny cemetery and the lake.

I am sorry that Green Camp was sold. The present-day Cooper students are missing a very important experience.

THOMAS BOUTIS, ART '48

Green Camp was great! After the initial awkwardness of trying to get to know new people during Freshman Weekend, most of the other students and I seemed to enjoy an immediate camaraderie on subsequent visits. I also remember thinking that it was sort of cool that most of the meals were prepared by student volunteers. I was surprised that so many of them actually knew how to cook in such large quantities.

One of the first informal Black student organizations at Cooper decided to hold a weekend for "students of color" at Green Camp. We had art and photography exhibits, poetry readings and celebratory meals together. We didn't have the camp entirely to ourselves and were surprised that the other Cooper students respected our need to hang out together.

I was accepted to Cornell, Pratt and SVA, but that weekend at Green Camp was one of the earliest confirmations that Cooper Union was a great choice. How can we buy Green Camp back?!!

ROGER C. TUCKER III, ART '74

I was one of the lucky ones who enjoyed the pleasures of Green Camp. I fell in love with it at orientation — rustic old buildings, barn, pond and bridge in the most beautiful setting. Never having gone to camp as a child, I was experiencing something new and I loved it. I quickly became a student leader and led many student weekend trips there.

Some leaders limited their trips to a select few, but I welcomed those from all three schools, and my trips became popular.

Two stand out in my mind. The International Food Lover's Trip had over 60 students, some teachers and their spouses, and even the Dean of the Art School attended. We sent students all over the city to buy ethnic foods: Chinatown, Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn for Middle Eastern provisions (this was long before pita was in the supermarkets and Arthur Avenue in the Bronx for Italian specialties). We gathered talented teams of students to prepare our gourmet meals. It was great fun and a great success. But what I loved most about it was the camaraderie that took place. The fun was in getting to know each other and in becoming friends.

The other trip was called the Va Vo Dee Oh Doh Trip. It was written up in *The Pioneer* with photos of some of the entertainment acts (the Ventriloquist act and the Barber Shop Quartet). We actually put on a vaudeville show with costumes and scenery. I advertised my weekend with posters to attract students. I might have even suggested that there would be a strip-tease act performed by a voluptuous girl in the art school. Of course, she didn't want to do it, so a male friend from the art school did a comedy strip-tease act finally revealing the long underwear he was wearing!

I remember sitting by the fire in

Quercus Alba; dancing to the Rolling Stones' "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" blasting on the stereo; playing footsie hockey on the shiny smooth wooden floors; hiking to Suicide Ledge; playing chess; listening to friends play the banjo and guitar; square dancing; ice skating; sliding down the stony hills on large aluminum serving platters (taken from the kitchen); swimming in the pond, and serving hot dogs on Alumni Day.

MARY ANN NICHOLS, ART '68

Green Camp was the first venture into the woods with my peers for this beatnik gal with one foot in the city and the other in the suburbs. I remember Erskine and Burdell, and the smell of fireplace smoke, and trails through the woods. Classmate Steve MacKenzie (now Gemberling) helped me toss the flashlight during night walks and to learn to trust the moonlight. Bats swooped past our faces.

Saw my first beaver dam, and first apple tree on an abandoned farm. I gathered a bunch of the apples, which were magnificently sour and wormy, and brought them back to the Lower East Side where I turned them into a pie.

I distinctly remember being warned about the people who lived in the woods, people with black features and blue eyes, who lived in cars or shacks. On one of my walks, I came across a cabin with a clothesline strung with the drooping bodies of dead squirrels.

ERICKA HAMBURG, ART '69

A yellowed paperback copy of *Voices for the Wilderness*, inscribed on the inside cover "Keep it green—Mary Blade '71" and a 1973 calendar-greeting card from Mary and Ellis Blade are mute relics of Green Camp, and the people who made it the happiest of places for me.

I recall the huge fireplace in the

lodge's gathering room, its walls decorated with a few fine oil paintings, and the enormous kitchen with its huge pots, gargantuan stove and utensils designed to feed large groups with the help of energetic cooks and students.

Who can forget the stately graveyard on the way to the Manor House, the perfect mountain laurel in the spring, and the lectures on ecology when that subject was first gaining worldwide notice?

I think of the gorgeous Green Camp landscape that somehow always looked better in reality than it did on my canvas, the chipmunks running along the logs, and a building constructed by students near a stream, wishing I could live someplace similar.

I think about the educational commentary when a study group happened upon a perfectly preserved wild animal carcass beginning to thaw in the still winter air.

I remember Mary Blade's wonderful sense of humor and her laughter, and a reviving, frigid root beer float after what seemed like the world's longest hike. I recall visiting their cottage with its mini-church organ and startling oriental dinner plates, enjoying their warm way with people – their love for people shone through in everything they did and said.

Green Camp was more than a place for education or recreation. It was where, due in large part to the Blades, I was my own best self, because they always welcomed and remembered me.

ELINOR HITE, ART '60

The year was 1942. I had completed three years of engineering in the night school. The nation was at war, and the draft boards were breathing down the necks of almost all of us at Cooper. I had elected the Civil Engineering curriculum, which called for two weeks of surveying at Green Engineering

Camp. I had to use my two-week vacation time from my job at Ebasco Engineering Company in order to attend. I also had to take leave of my sweetheart, Eleanor, who has been my wife and best friend now, for more than 55 years. As a parting memento Eleanor lent me her high school graduation ring. Unfortunately, the ring was too small for my ring finger, but too large for my pinkie.

On the appointed day, we all met at the Erie Railroad train depot in Hoboken and boarded the train to Sloatsburg, NY. It was an old steam-driven locomotive that pulled the dilapidated cars, spewing smoke and cinders constantly, which found their way into the open windows of the cars. It was a very hot day, which was to contin-



ue for the whole two weeks. On the other hand, we had nothing but sunshine for the entire two weeks.

We arrived at Sloatsburg in the afternoon, and were soon in the campgrounds located in Ringwood, NJ, just across the state line. I recall a large dining hall, a study hall with drafting tables, and one or two barrack-type buildings for our living quarters. It seemed quite primitive to us city boys, but on reflection, and after a good deal more experience in primitive living, I must say the accommodations were pretty good. We did have indoor plumbing. However, the camp was still in its very earliest development stages.

We were given an orientation lecture explaining that we were to be restricted to the campgrounds for the duration of our stay.

Apparently, Cooper Union students were not too welcome in the sleepy village of Ringwood. As I recall, that rule was not adhered to by some of our more adventurous students, but that was only rumor, as far as I knew. We were also admonished to wear the leggings or boots that we had been instructed to bring with us, as Ringwood was supposedly infested with copperhead snakes. Unfortunately, I was one of the few who had ignored (could not afford) the recommendation, and was without boots or leggings – oh dear me! Needless to say, I never encountered a copperhead.

As mentioned, we had nothing but sunshine, but it was a very hot and humid week. The mosquitoes were in their glory. Mosquitoes were unheard of where I lived in the Sunset Park section of Brooklyn and I was unprepared for the misery they can provide.

Each day started with a wake-up call, followed by a hearty and talkative breakfast. Little did I imagine at the time that the bugler's reveille was a preview of the real thing that I would experience within a year.

Our schedule called for daily surveying projects in the field, followed by reduction of survey data and notes each evening. There was little time for leisure. We played volleyball, and explored the nooks and crannies of the beautiful property. I recall a small pond with a waterfall, and acres of fields and woodlands.

We had a great group of students and instructors. The food was excellent, as was the camaraderie. On the whole, it was a wonderful and memorable experience. The only bad memory that I still have is that somehow, somewhere, in Green Engineering Camp, I lost my sweetheart's graduation ring.

JOHN T. COLOMBO, ME '49

At the end of August '48, my classmates and I went to Green Camp for a freshman orientation session. During the day we engaged in outdoor activities including a ten mile hike on one occasion, and in the evening we sat around in a rustic lounge listening to various people tell us about Cooper Union. The most memorable individual who



spoke to us was Dr. Edwin Burdell, the President of Cooper Union. He was a wonderful soft-spoken man whom one could not help but like and respect.

In general we were the very best and brightest of all the young people who were going to college that year. The result was that during the first few days, after I returned to my home in Brooklyn, I walked around in a state of euphoria. I felt as if I was some god-like being surrounded by mere mortals.

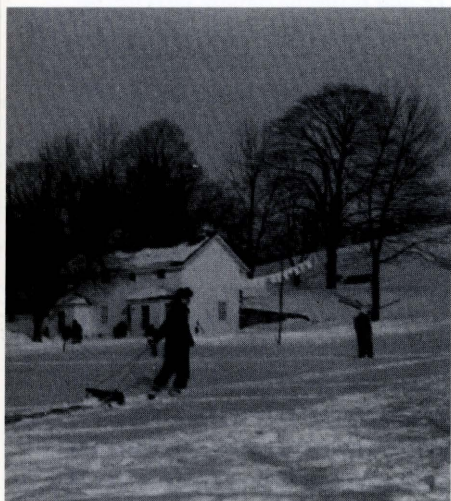
I spent two or three weeks in June, during my first three years at Cooper Union, at Green Camp learning about surveying. It was rumored that there were copperhead snakes at camp. As far as I know no snakes were ever seen. However there was lots of poison ivy. As a preventive measure, we were advised to use yellow laundry soap every day when we showered. Nevertheless, most of us managed to collect at least a few blisters during our stay at camp.

In the evenings we sometimes played softball, and we would have to retrieve the ball when it went into the bushes. In our group Norm Brodesser was one of those who could walk with impunity into the

bushes and into poison ivy.

At the end of our first surveying session, a day before we were due to return to the city, Sandy Gaines bet someone ten dollars that he was immune to poison ivy. As proof, he took some poison ivy leaves and rubbed them against his forearm. By the end of the evening, his confidence had begun to wane and he started to apply calamine lotion to his arm. He continued to do this and by the time we went to the train station on the following day, his arm looked as if it were encased in a plaster cast.

On rainy afternoons and in the evening when we did drawing we generally played records on a phonograph. It seems we were always listening to "Slaughter on 10th Avenue." After a while, I got to like it and didn't mind hearing it again and again.



Since sex never seemed to occupy anyone's thoughts during our stay at camp, some individuals decided that we were being given saltpeter in our food. We never found out if this really was the case or not.

However, one day someone did discover a box outside the kitchen, whose label stated the box contained powder that would turn stale bread into delicious French toast.

ALEXANDER CHAJES, CE '52

Camp Green was absolutely wonderful! We enjoyed it then, and looking back now I realize even more how unusual an experience it was. We loved ice skating, tobogganing, going for lovely walks, swimming, and sitting in the huge, comfortable main room of the lodge. We talked, read, listened to music and had a perfect time. I remember even having fun cooking and taking turns cleaning those enormous pots.

LENORE EPSTEIN BROOKS, ART '47

As a student leader, I enjoyed many wonderful weekends at Green Camp; and as a city dweller, the fireplace in the lodge was my first experience with an open fire, which I loved! (I now own a double fireplace, which goes through to two rooms.) I also remember the work in the kitchen and a remarkable automatic potato peeler that spun the potatoes in a large cylinder with rough sides. I believe it could handle ten pounds at a time, but my recollection is faint.

MARGARET PARKER BORNS, ART '57

We were mostly city boys going to the wild country of Northern New Jersey for freshman orientation. It was August of 1940 and I believe Camp Green was in its first year. We were warned of poison ivy, oak and sumac, and most fearful of all were the rattlesnakes and copperheads. We were told to buy knee-high leather boots, and I went looking for a pair that reached my armpits. The stores of choice were Davega and Vims. There was a great deal of apprehension on our part. However, it turned into a most enjoyable experience. This was in a great part due to the warm reception by a faculty delegation of Professors Roth, Bowman, Ramberg, Hope et al. We slept in the old barn converted to a dorm, discovered the lounge and the ladder-accessible library, and took



note of the number of snakeskins nailed to the columns.

Following was freshman surveying and the camp was a refreshing change from the harrowing fifty-three credit load of the first year. We found Dotty's drink stand on Sloatsburg Road, surveyed the general camp area, panicked on seeing our first snake, heard ghost stories about Robert Erskine (surveyor for George Washington) and got in trouble for driving stakes on the Ringwood Town Hall lawn. The general store, which is now Town Hall, was the only shopping place available to us as transportation was non-existent.

I returned to the camp in 1942 for advanced surveying and after WW II as an instructor for freshman surveying. My memories of Camp Green are uniformly pleasant, even though we worked hard and were Cooper-challenged.

This area of New Jersey must have made a lasting impression on me because I moved in retirement to West Milford, the neighboring township, and have spent many pleasant afternoons at Ringwood State Park.

HAROLD BLUMBERG, CE '47

been an unbridgeable gap between the average button-downed engineering student and spatter-painted art or architecture coed, but the broad acres and wide open agenda really formed a bonding ground—one that I doubt any club, fraternity or dormitory could match.

In retrospect, I'm struck by the latitude of the Green Camp program—its minimum of structure—and the trust the school placed in its students to conceive and carry out the weekend excursions which, for many of us, count as favorite Cooper memories. It took only two "student leaders" with a theme (optional), a sign-up sheet, a grocery list, and a modest cash collection, (\$7-\$9 per participant on average), and a trip was underway. At Ringwood, chaperones were upper classmen, not instructors; supervision was minimally exercised and barely perceived. Even the resident grounds-keeper adopted that course—friendly accessibility, but non-interference. If any contraband substance or activity appeared or occurred, it was rare—and never, to my knowledge, raised a ruckus. Even in the midst of the '60s, this policy of trust—



To a college without a campus, where a coin-op cafeteria and a skinny, gated wedge of oak and asphalt comprised the common meeting ground, Green Camp was an asset of inestimable worth. The width of Astor Place might have

presumably set by the administration and beamed benevolently down through Director Mary Blade—prevailed and succeeded.

I was a very gung-ho student leader—elected to head the Advisory Committee (GCAC) dur-

ing my senior year. Nevertheless, I have nothing tangible filed away to bring those days back into focus. I was not a photographer at the time. Only one sketched portrait and very few anecdotes have survived the years, but sense memories flood my mind—clear and evocative as fragments of dreams.

The smells of spring and summer. Drowsing, draped between the eagle's granite wings while a mower drones below, sending sweet waves of grass up the hill on the rising heat. The barn with its tiers of odor; the stench of bats



layered over dust and wood, with oil paint, turpentine and a moldy hint of shower stalls below.

Winter smells. Taking the pine forest path at night without a flashlight; wood smoke, feeding a roaring blazing fire in Main Camp's huge stone hearth, with a guitar, conversation, and a knock-hockey battle blended to a background din. (Did anyone at the time miss television?) Coaxing the last spark from a bed of embers after everyone's turned in—moose eyes and hawk eyes glaring on dimly—to light the final Camel of the day.

Quercus Alba, Burdell, Erskine—the names alone are an incantation. They conjure feelings more real than the same sadness of actually seeing what the buildings have become (an office, a boarded-up derelict beyond restoration, an empty lot). From the minute we landed—piling out of cars or

lurching (finally!) off the bus (after nearly two hours, nauseous, winding through every hamlet in northern Jersey)—non-stop activity filled those houses and spilled throughout the grounds.

Along with the usual pursuits—the hikes, the ball games, board games, sketch-a-thons, the all-night rounds of Pinochle and Hearts—I remember specific, spontaneous bouts of creative fun... A Main Camp jam session that exploited the percussive possibilities of every kitchen implement at hand... one inspired, hilarious evening of improvisation and mime in the meeting hall.... sledding runs on dining hall trays.... an impromptu séance at Erskine—teacup flying round the table—that strung out more than one scoffer in suspended disbelief.

Food-themed trips were legion. One weekend, (Don Quon's Chinese Food Lovers' Trip), I learned to fill and fold wonton, and mustered the courage to try chocolate-covered caterpillars (awful) and ants (not bad—like Nestle's Crunch). Ron Weinstein still recalls mixing a thirty-five-pound meatloaf with Kenny Meyer. Charlie Cassella and the Rifle Club humped a huge Thanksgiving turkey and all the fixings up the steep trail to the shelter every year.

I once co-led a trip expressly to



determine how cheaply (yet well) we could eat. It cost around five bucks each (for five or six meals!), and we ended up ferrying leftover oxtail ragout to another trip,

whose spaghetti dinner had congealed, unstirred, in the bottom-third of a twelve-quart pot.

I never failed to marvel at the glorious mess a half-dozen teenagers could make preparing a meal for themselves and twenty



pals, nor the speed and choreography with which an abused kitchen could be restored to order.

I remember canoeing down Ringwood Creek—a trip that required more portage than paddling. I recall watching myself skip along the hill in someone's 8mm movie and wondering if I always moved in slow motion.

I remember helping to sew new cushions for the fireplace benches, but not whether they went from olive-green corduroy to orange print or vice versa.

I remember a capacity crowd in the Main Camp dining hall singing "Happy Birthday" the day I turned twenty-one, and the evening when the normal focused quiet of a Wolf Kahn painting session became a sudden vacuum with the news that Martin Luther King was dead.

When the trustees threatened to sell Green Camp, I showed up, along with many a former classmate, to protest, although the threat appeared to be (and was in fact) a done deed. Disappointment and disbelief ran deep. That such a priceless asset might be considered a negotiable resource, even during the fever of a capital cam-

paign, was heartbreaking—a possibility none of us could accept.

It was not until many years later, in the course of laying out Alumni Day plans, that I set foot again on Green Camp grounds, and found, as we say now, a measure of healing.

Just walking down the road with Ron Weinstein, set the vibes humming. Main Camp looked pretty much as we knew it, though the meeting hall had become a bunk-house and the stuffed menagerie was gone.

The barn, which has since burned, was still standing strong; a maple "sugar house" had been added inside the walled paddock. More to the point, the camp director's ebullience and enthusiasm were very much like Professor Blade's—her pride in the program and in her boys was openly evident. Ron and I concurred: except for the fact that they were mandated by law to stays of several months, (a circumstance we rather envied), these kids were not so terribly different from us—high-strung teenagers up from the city, chilling out in a pastoral paradise, getting socialized, learning responsibility, growing up.

You could see it, come Alumni Day, in encounters between the kids and the Cooper crowd, who kept straggling over from the manor house grounds. Apprehension. Recognition. A hot dog offered, a handshake exchanged—hesitancy breaking down and heads nodding as past and present superimposed themselves, and registered a fit.

MARY BONO, ART '68

I remember when the chef served beef kidneys for lunch one day and, while I gobbled them up, all the other students went on strike till it was promised to ban kidneys from the menu.

WALTER ILLG, CE '52

Our whole class met one morning in Hoboken at the Erie RR terminal to take the train to Wanaque where we were transported to Ringwood and Green Camp. We found our dormitory was a converted barn with a stone corral and we soon saw a looping six-foot black snake speeding toward the woods. We weren't in Manhattan any more.

We were introduced to apple butter in the dining room in the basement of the lodge. We already knew frankfurters and mashed potatoes. Eating together at every meal, sleeping in the dorm and spending the day surveying and the nights playing softball brought the class closer than it was at Cooper Square. We no longer were students, we were ninety young men and a few young women learning and working together.

There was a gas station with a refreshment stand on Eagle Valley Road about a mile south of the camp and a few friends and I made it our destination in the evenings,



buying a Coke or an ice cream pop and talking to the young girls whose family ran the place. They were Pennsylvania Dutch and their father worked in the old iron mines in Ringwood that had reopened to aid the war effort. To the girls we were college boys from New York City who talked funny – saying “wawter” instead of “wahter.” Nowadays I’m retired and living in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. I often hear my granddaughters asking for a glass of “wahter” and

remember well the distant past.

A suitcase-sized mechanical calculator made in Switzerland was kept in the classroom and used for our surveying calculations. It was hand-operated with a hundred gears inside and recalling it today while sitting at a computer makes me realize that I was living in a different era then, living in a tranquil setting with only the dark black nimbus cloud of war beyond the mountains. My seventeenth birthday was four months away and the war was getting closer; the future dimmer. Many of my classmates in Green Camp were already registered for the draft. Others were considering the officer candidate programs offered by the Army and the Navy. Rumors were that the Army would takeover the engineering school. But we found in those few weeks a tranquil, verdant world where the copperheads and black snakes fled from loud noises, so we enjoyed our time there with our fellow loud “New Yawkers,” all the while carrying our transits and our brush hooks through the meadows and the woods.

My last visit there was in 1957 for an Alumni picnic when my wife, Kathleen, and I loaded our three kids (at the time) in the station wagon and headed for Ringwood, New Jersey on Route 17. We all had a great time and we were saddened when Cooper decided to sell the property.

FRED V. HOUSLEY, CE '49

I have many fond memories of Green Camp. I spent several weekends there during the school year with friends. One of the most memorable was the Painting Seminar with serious painters from the Day Art School held in June 1944, a month after a few of us had already graduated. Miss Henrietta Schutz was our leader and Harry West, Camp Superintendent, was our protector.

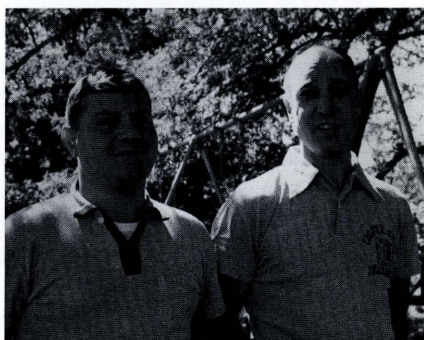
One of the funniest memories happened during the week-long workshop. We painted diligently from 9:30 a.m. until about 1 p.m. and then had lunch prepared by the cook. After lunch we three girls would take our sketchpads and wander down into a meadow about one-half mile from the camp. There we would sunbathe in the nude. The first day a Piper Cub flew over and we all waved and giggled. This went on every day for the whole week. On the last day as we gathered by the bus, when we were leaving and saying good-bye to Harry, the Piper Cub flew over again. Harry West looked up and said, "I wonder why that guy keeps flying so low over here every afternoon?"

MARY LEFF, ART '44



My earliest memory of Green Camp was that it was a dangerous place. I took the Cooper Union entrance exam in August 1945, a month after I was discharged from the Army. My last station had been in Colorado and when I returned to New York I developed what I thought was a very bad cold that I couldn't shake. I took this "cold" with me when I went to attend orientation at Green Engineering Camp. At that time the camp was much less developed than later and we were broken up into groups and assigned tasks to improve the place. Another student and I were told to go into a field full of ragweed and pull up weeds with our bare hands. After a few

minutes I could barely see and had trouble breathing. I turned to my partner, who informed me that my eyes were completely bloodshot



and that my face was very badly swollen and suggested that I go to the infirmary.

Another new freshman was Frank McClintock, also a veteran, who had been severely injured in combat. He almost lost his leg and was told that if he ever injured that leg again it would have to be amputated. His task was to fix a small wooden bridge over a stream. Unfortunately he fell off and panicked in the belief that he had injured his leg and he, too, was taken to the infirmary. There they called an ambulance and we were both transported to the nearest hospital in Tuxedo Park. Fortunately Frank did not have a serious problem and was not about to have an amputation, much to everyone's relief and especially his. I was diagnosed as having hay-fever, which explained what I thought was a cold. I was given a shot of adrenaline and some pyro-benzamine, the only antihistamine on the market then. I suffered from that condition for many years but lost my allergy eventually.

As many from the late forties remember, when the camp was not in use for some academic purpose, student groups were allowed to use it for recreational purposes. Some groups that went up were all male or all female, but occasionally there were co-ed groups. In the lat-

ter case we had to bring a faculty member with us to act as a chaperone. Frequently, younger married faculty came along with their wives. (At that time all faculty in the engineering school were men.) The Director of the camp was Professor J.M. Peterson from Chemical Engineering, who was an old-fashioned and straight-laced man. On one trip something had occurred that did not meet with his strict views of morality. We never found out what it was. He decided there would be no more co-ed trips. Naturally we were most disappointed because these co-ed weekends were full of innocent fun. We hatched a plan to try to reverse Peterson's edict. First, we went to Professor Hope, also from Chemical Engineering, and asked whether he and his wife would be willing to chaperone a co-ed trip. With his consent, we went to Peterson and petitioned him to allow another trip with Mr. and Mrs. Hope as chaperones. One member in our group was Norm Perlmutter (later Perry). Eventually Peterson relented but his parting words to Norm were, "All right Perlmutter, I'll allow it, but if anything happens you marry the girl."

That weekend turned out to be one of the nicest I ever experienced. Hope, as his wife told us later, had gone to the library to research old-fashioned party games and he bought many prizes at his own expense. We played such games as feeding each other jello blindfolded and racing to retrieve and put on one's shoes from a heaped pile. Thanks to the success of this weekend, co-ed trips were reinstated.

Sometime during the spring of 1946 a small group of us decided that it would be nice to have a lean-to at the camp for overnight camping. We approached the administration with this idea and we received a positive response.

We were even offered a modest subsidy of one dollar a day toward our food expenses. Even in 1946 one dollar a day did not allow for lavish meals, but we made it a point of pride to live on that. Dr. Burdell, the President of Cooper at the time, had a summer cottage near the camp and occasionally we were invited to dinner with his family.

These meals were much richer than what we were able to buy on our modest subsidy. We feasted on roast beef and steak and that helped to stretch our budget. Typically, we had cold cereal for



breakfast and made sandwiches for lunch in the field. For dinner we made low-budget meals such as hamburgers, spaghetti and meatballs, and always vegetables and salad. Sometimes groups of art students came for the weekend and overlapped with our stay. They bought ready-made food that cost a lot and was not as good as what we made. They always looked enviously at our meals.

We started this project during the summer of 1946. Green Camp was comprised of about 100 acres, mostly of unimproved land. I doubt that more than four or five acres were used for academic purposes. First, we walked over the entire area looking for a suitable site. Eventually, we found a small clearing that was reasonably flat with a nearby source of water. We then began to clear the site by

removing rocks and boulders, and finally began building a lean-to. The summer was almost over by then. We were able to erect a frame and just used a large canvas for the walls.

In subsequent years more people got involved, and we constructed a wooden roof and walls. In front, there was a circular fireplace, which made the site very convenient for overnight camping. I have wondered what became of this structure. By now it has either fallen into total disrepair or has been razed to build permanent homes.

HARRY HOCHSTADT, CE.'49

Green Camp was the only campus I ever knew. My first visit to the camp took place in 1957. One winter weekend, I met Joe DiGiorgio on the toboggan run, and to this day he is still one of my closest friends. There were many students at the camp that particular weekend, so few sleds were available. Someone in our group suggested using the large round dining room trays instead. We had a marvelous dizzy day playing in the snow but we were penalized financially for our fun. Professor Mary Blade told us that we completely ruined the trays and that they would have to be replaced. As far as I know they were never replaced and continued being used for the next four years, perhaps longer.

There was a great deal of snow that winter. On one occasion, my classmate, Myra Hutchins, and I made a snow Venus.

Attending an urban school located on the Bowery next to the Third Avenue El presented many problems to those of us who went to night school from 7-10 p.m. Green Camp was a wonderful refuge and will always have a very special place in our hearts.

OLGA MARYSCHUK KANDEL, ART '62

I first saw Green Camp in 1965 at my freshman orientation. What an incredible place! I have a million memories; the film festival marathon, back before VCRs... learning to cook for a crowd... the Renaissance weekend... the kite building weekend... sensitivity training... long conversations in front of a warm fire...cross-country skiing... I went on weekend trips as often as possible, and in my senior year I became a student leader.

Mary Blade had a profound influence on me. She hired me, unofficially, to help her manage Green Camp activities after I was graduated. She gave me some office space, and I worked for her for a year, coordinating student events at the camp. I learned a lot. Mary was the first person I'd ever met who understood that human intelligence is more than skill in math and science. She gave me problems to solve and the opportunity to solve them. I owe much of success as an artist and a person to Mary.

I remember one snowy night,



I'd been visiting her and Ellis at their house on the camp property and it was time for me to walk back to the main camp through the pine forest. The moon was very bright. Mary stood in her doorway, took a deep breath of the wonderful night air, and said, "You are so lucky to be able to walk through these woods now." The moon cast deep shadows across the snow-covered road, and the stars seemed brighter than I've ever seen them before or since. I couldn't see the

path as I walked between the rows of planted pine, but I'd walked that way a hundred times, so I didn't mind not having a flashlight.

Then; the sight of the main camp from the top of the hill...the silver creek winding across the valley...the distant windows filled with light....just one moment in my life, one of countless others, but Mary was right. I was so lucky.

ELEANOR BLAIR, ART '69

Our freshman class of 1946 was the first to have some GIs returning. Most of the women were fresh out of high school and a couple were almost below age to be admitted to college.

We might have been the first to promote the use of Green Camp for social use and were possibly the first to attend an extended two-week painting class. I think we were the first to promote using the camp on weekends.

We went skating and tobogganing in winter, and sort of swam in late spring, and Miss Henrietta Schutz, our painting teacher, certainly joined in. We shared the cooking and the cleanup, diligently. Our menus reflected our student financial status and on many a Sunday night we went home with spaghetti sandwiches.

The engineers were such serious students that it was hard to

pry them away from their books. (We kind of felt that "they were square.") Aside from many good memories the only situation that does stand out was the last painting trip to the camp, when we were seniors. We decided to take some "arty" photos. All very mild by today's standards, but just at this time some members of the school board showed up. What followed days later was "a scandal!"

The photos were to be confiscated, we were threatened with expulsion, yet there was not a photograph that was taken that was "bad." This was all quite unbelievable. I can't remember what the results were, but we all did graduate with no problem.

BERNICE GREENWALD RANKIN
KEHOE. ART '46

The call for Green Camp stories has brought back many memories.

For most of us entering Cooper Union, Freshman Orientation Session in 1941 was the first time we slept away from home; we had to be instructed as to what to take along, and probably bought our first suitcase.

It was very exciting - little did we know that in a little less than three months Pearl Harbor would be attacked, and that our lives would change dramatically.

During our first summer "vacation" in 1942, all freshmen engineering were required to attend Surveying Camp. Again it was a



first, inasmuch as we had to obtain, among other esoteric gear, calf-high boots because of snakes! Most of us borrowed them from whomever we could; remember we were still coming out of the Depression. And for me, the memorable time was getting to work under Charlie Schaffner (call me MISTER Schaffner!). Charlie subsequently tutored the Mechanical Engineering students in structures, in preparation for taking the first part of the Professional Engineering exam. Then, 30 years later, I joined Syska & Hennessy where Charlie was an executive officer!

Green Camp meant so much to many of us that we worked the following June 1943, even though we were on trimester and would have no real "vacation."

ART ZIGAS, ME '44

The call for recollections of Green Camp caught my eye. I'm not a Cooper alum, but I probably have a greater array of recollections than any alum. Green Engineering Camp (later renamed Camp Green) was my home from 1940 until I left for college in 1954. My father, Harry West, was the first superintendent of buildings and grounds. He began his duties during the construction phase in 1939. Our family moved into the white house across the lawn from the Lounge Building in 1940, and my father remained with Cooper until 1957. I was known in those days as Westy (to avoid confusion with my father because my name was also Harry). For our family (my father, mother Helen, older sister Lois, younger sister Anita, and me) the Camp provided what was as close to ideal as one could imagine. My recollections are those of a boy between the ages of four and eighteen.

It seemed to me that I lived on a 1,000-acre private estate. During the week it was all mine, and on weekends and during the summer I got to share it with a bunch of great people who always included me in their activities. I hiked with the Hiking Club, learned to shoot a rifle with the Rifle Club, joined in the arguments about which team was the best: the Yankees, the Dodgers, or the Giants (the Dodgers were, of course), played softball, basketball, and touch football in the appropriate seasons, and ice skated, skied, and tobogganed in the winter months. Frequently, I benefited from private



instruction from a good baseball player or a talented artist. The Cooper students and faculty were part of our extended family who visited with us on a regular basis and always treated me like a little brother. During the summer sessions (landscape art, surveying, and freshman orientation) my sister Lois worked in the kitchen as a server and I washed dishes – nepotism had not yet become part of our jargon, or at least it wasn't recognized in Ringwood! And my mother would have iced tea and cake for the faculty – a raised handle on the old hand water-pump at the south end of our house was the sign that dessert would be served that evening.

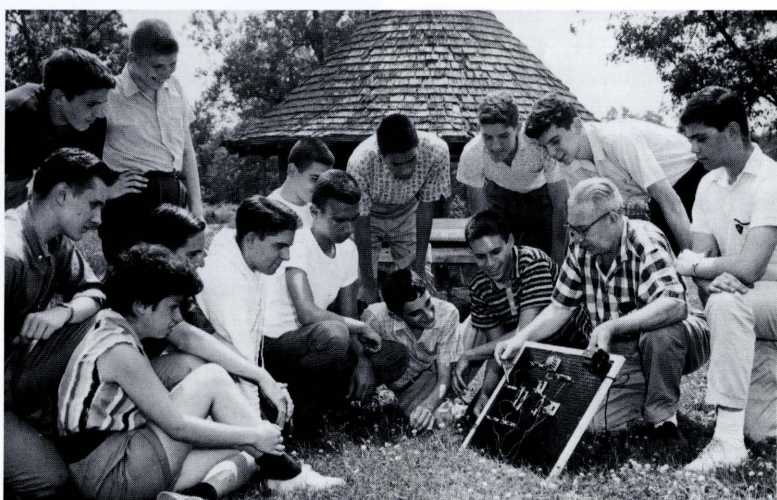


But there was more than just fun. I learned some of the rudiments of land surveying at a tender age – I knew how to keep level notes before I knew how to balance a checkbook, and I learned how to turn angles and measure a base line early in life. I accompanied my father when he drove the bus on my many excursions, including the annual geology field trip. To me the visit to the Palisades at the New Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge was special—that bridge remains my favorite to this day. It was these experiences as a youngster that had a profound effect on me. Some of my strongest role models were the engineering students and faculty that invested in me during their times at Camp.

Edwin Burdell (Director and President of Cooper), who would challenge me intellectually on his weekend retreats to Ringwood; of “Uncle” Jack Peterson (a chemistry professor and the Camp Director), who was always interested in me and provided encouragement; of the faculty, who impacted me so much that I chose to pursue both engineering and teaching as a career; and of the students, who always made me feel welcome when they took up their residence at “my Camp.”

From me and my family, thanks for allowing us to be part of Green Camp – those years provided blessings to us that can’t be measured.

HARRY WEST, JR.



I went on to study civil engineering at Penn State where I received both B.S. and M.S. degrees.

I earned a doctorate in civil engineering (structures) from the University of Illinois, where my academic and dissertation advisor was Art Robinson, a Cooper graduate who had attended Camp when I was the Resident kid. I returned to Penn State, where I served on the faculty for nearly 40 years before retiring in 1997.

My recollections of Camp Green are strong. I have nothing but pleasant and positive recollections of the influence of Dr.

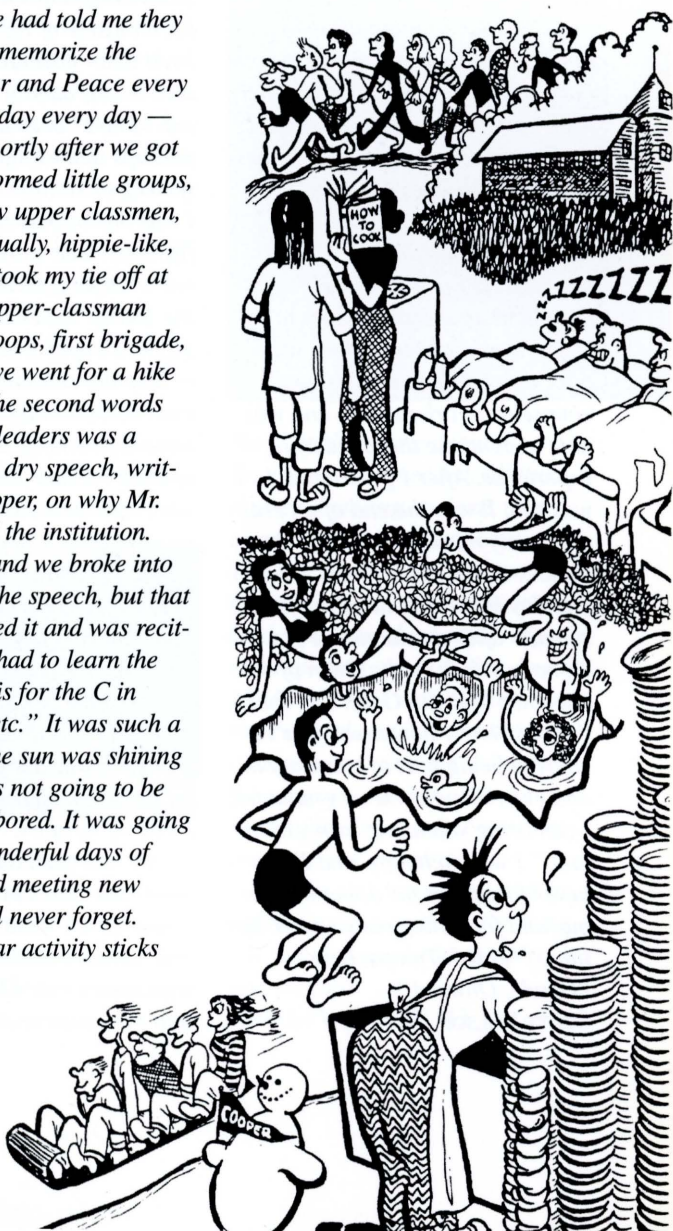
My greatest memory of Green Camp was my Cooper Union orientation in 1972. I was at a transitional point in my life – going from Music and Art High School to Cooper Union, and never having really gone to any camp before, it was a unique, warm experience from the moment I got on the bus to go there. The upper classmen and women towered above us as adults--what we all aspired to be. I envied their comradery, and looked forward to becoming one of them. My preconception of “orientation” was some sort of unpleasant lectures about the school, and





even maybe some sort of studying, which I always hated. Also, my father went to Columbia Medical School, where he had told me they had to read and memorize the equivalent of *War and Peace* every five minutes, all day every day — no thank you. Shortly after we got off the bus, we formed little groups, each led by a few upper classmen, dressed very casually, hippie-like, and barefoot. I took my tie off at that point, one upper-classman said, “Polish Troops, first brigade, Onward!” and we went for a hike in the woods. The second words from one of our leaders was a memorized, very dry speech, written by Peter Cooper, on why Mr. Cooper invented the institution. It broke the ice and we broke into laughter, not at the speech, but that he had memorized it and was reciting it. Then we had to learn the school song “C is for the C in Cooper Union, etc.” It was such a beautiful day. The sun was shining and I knew I was not going to be tortured and/or bored. It was going to be several wonderful days of fun, laughter and meeting new people that I will never forget.

One particular activity sticks



out in my mind which transpired that first night there. We, a small group of art students, (separated from the engineering students, because we were told we were better than they) were assembled by several upperclassmen (and women), and told we were going to make a mural. All my memories of making a mural in grade school were sickening, gut wrenching, pointless experience, and I thought, "Well, here it comes now, school work." We spread out a large sheet of paper as my stomach tensed up, and we were each given some odd paint and crayons. We each started, in our own guarded territories, doing tight little anal drawings, when all of a sudden the upper-class people started rolling around the huge sheet of paper, drawing and painting through all of our little drawings, breaking our barriers, connecting all of us, and for a split second making us mad and confused, until the bigger message sank in. Then we were all covered with paint, paper and crayons, and having the time of our lives. It was a spiritual experience, and an incredible way to start the school year. Every year after that I volunteered to be a counselor at orientation, and was able to continue the wonderful experience. After I graduated, I was sad. It was the end of an era, and in my mind I relived the experiences many, many times. Then one day in the middle of the first summer after graduation, I got a phone call from the Dean of Students, Marilyn Gore. She said, "Scott, I know how much you've enjoyed being part of orientation, and even though you've graduated, I can bring you along as my assistant." I was so happy, and I'll never forget her for doing that for me, and for letting me say, one last time, "Polish Troops, first brigade, Onward!"

SCOTT WILSON, ART '76

My class was the first one to experience Green Camp. I entered The Cooper Union in September 1940. Shortly thereafter the gift of the camp property was announced, and we were informed of a change in the day engineering curriculum. Henceforth all freshmen would be required to undertake two weeks of surveying practice, to be given at Green Camp during the summer after the freshman year. Previously only civil engineering students had to take such a course. A one-credit lecture course in Surveying in the spring was a prerequisite. The freshman engineering curriculum at that time had nine or ten courses per semester.

The camp must have been a totally new experience for the many classmates who had never been outside of the city and never lived in an institutional setting. My own background was quite different-- I had "been around," and perhaps that explains why I remember so little of Green Camp. I was one of only two or three freshmen who were not American born. In fact, I had just arrived in the United States in December 1939. Cooper Union permitted me to take the entrance examination, even though I had never graduated from high school, and I was one of the fortunate one hundred who were admitted. Incidentally, all of us were boys. Cooper Union was co-ed, in contrast to other men-only engineering colleges at that time, but very few girls then wanted to study engineering.

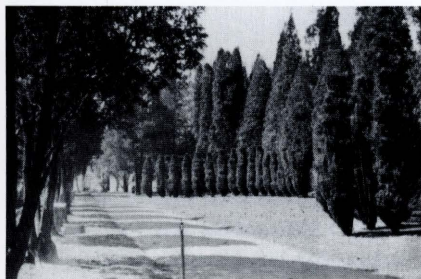
It is June '41 at Green Camp. The class was divided into teams, and each was assigned an area to be surveyed. Here are a few fragments of memory:

We had been told that we would need knee boots in order to cross streams, and I had bought a pair and waterproofed them. I recall the trepidation with which I walked into the water, and the relief when

my feet remained dry. I probably never had an occasion to wear them again, but I loved these boots. In August 1945 I would include them in a clothing package sent to my cousins in Holland who had miraculously survived the war.

At one point we were driving stakes into a lawn. Someone came running out of a nearby building to berate us. The building was the Village Hall, and we were damaging the village lawn. I do not remember whether surveying this area outside of the camp was part of our assignment, or whether our team had gone astray.

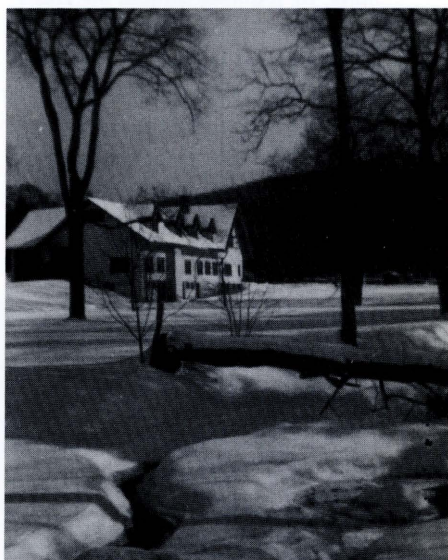
There were meadows, it was the haying season, and we walked through waist-high grass. I am allergic to grass and hay pollen (in the United States we call it "rose fever"). After a week my nose became completely stuffed. I had to breathe through my mouth, could not sleep, and developed a fever. Antihistamine drugs did not exist yet, and there was no effective remedy except to stay out of the grass. The medical person on staff (probably a medical student or intern) decided that I could not continue and would have to stay in bed. A storeroom was converted into a make-shift infirmary, which I now inaugurated. I returned home ten pounds lighter, and it took me a month or two to return to normal.



I received an Incomplete Grade, which had to be removed, so I requested a make-up assignment, which could be completed during the fall. There were no precedents. After some faculty

discussion, I was handed the collection of individual team surveys and asked to prepare a composite survey of the entire area. It was a lot of work, but it wasn't hard. The problem was that the individual surveys did not mesh, resulting in discontinuities in paths, fences, and streams at the boundary of survey tracts. I decided not to fudge the results, and I presented my master survey as it was. To my relief, my work was accepted.

There would be no summer recess in 1942, nor in 1943 or 1944, because in December 1941



the United States entered the war. Engineers were needed, all full time engineering students were exempted from military service. The day engineering program at Cooper Union went on an accelerated, year-round schedule. My class of 1944 graduated in August 1943. After the war, the engineering curricula underwent drastic changes, and not long thereafter the requirement that all day engineering freshmen take Surveying practice was dropped.

By the way, surveying is very interesting, particularly for someone who is keen on geography and history.

GERALD WEISS, EE '43

I'm probably the youngest Cooper alumnus (EE '84) who went to Green Camp. That's because I wasn't a Cooper student until many years after it was closed. My mother, Lucille Murawski, was a lecturer for several summers in the late 60s or early 70s, and we stayed in a small brown house only a few steps from the main building. My brother and I spent much of our time at Green Camp in the upstairs game room (playing pool or that strange shuffleboard game) of the main building, at the small sandy beach or in the pond swimming, or roaming around the trails on the way to Ringwood Manor with Dr. Ann Durham, the nature lady. Because we were so young, and the only children there for most of the time, we didn't interact much with the students.

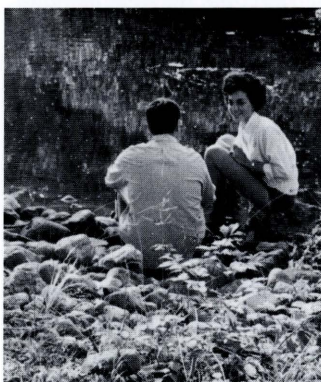
I remember one young man teaching us a silly song about shish kebab... "Shish-kebab in the morning, shish-kebab at night... when I eat shish-kebab, everything's gonna be alright." Also, I discovered I didn't like mustard on hamburgers, and some guy taught me how to skip rocks at the beach.

I got to visit Green Camp twice more after it was closed. Once, while there was a caretaker at the place, but we didn't get to see much. The second time was an alumni event between 1986 and 1991, and I brought along my girlfriend (now wife) to see the place. The old Humanities Professor who led the walkover to Ringwood was a good stand-in for Dr. Dunham.
 PETER J. KARSANOW, EE '84

In the 1950s, few Cooper students had cars. Escape from our monastic lives as hardworking engineering students was a rare treat. Thus we went to Green Camp, in my case two or three times per academic year. The camp was a place to meet new friends and one of the few places

where art and engineering students mingled.

I was honored to be one of the Student Leaders, who were allowed to organize weekends. We chartered a bus and ordered food, which was delivered by the camp's caretaker. We found about thirty students willing to go (I forget the exact numbers after all these years), collected the money,



assigned chores for Friday night, Saturday and Sunday, and ensured that the buildings were spotlessly clean when we left, mostly from pride but with a touch of fear that the caretaker might blacklist our groups in the future.

Cooper Union engineering students encountered Green Camp, first at freshman Orientation and again at a freshman Field Surveying Course. True, surveying was low technology; year after year, classes surveyed the same area of camp under the tutelage of upper-class civil engineers. Still, the experience taught me that you could slog through the mud with poles, spring balances, and measuring tapes and calculate locations to fractional-inch accuracy. I wonder how today's students get comparable experiences, outside of their textbooks.

In those naive pre-television days, we sat before the fire at night in the Lodge where we sang folk songs, told stories, and played chess. Though we tried to forget that homework assignments were coming due, most of us brought

some for the late afternoon and night hours. Otherwise we talked, hiked, and played softball in the clear New Jersey air.

I remember the sadness of the bus trips back to Cooper on rainy Sunday evenings.

As I remember, on ordinary weekends we had small rooms in (or near?) the Lodge; the turn-of-the-century dormitory was by then used only for surveying camp and freshman orientation. It was in that dormitory that I learned the age-old joke about people laughing at numbered jokes.

Faculty chaperones were used for each weekend. I remember Professor Alan Wolfe of Physics and Professor Mary Blade of Civil Engineering who were often willing to spend a weekend with us students, of whom I thought they had enough during the teaching week.

Field Day was a highlight of the academic year. Green Camp was especially charming in the early fall. The opportunity to share it with "significant others" was an added attraction, but for me the scavenger hunt was always the delightful climax of the day. This was an occasion when the art and engineering students worked with—or competed with—each other in a battle of wits. In 1955 Mother Nature intruded.

I was the student leader for the Field Day committee responsible for the day's activities. My fraternity brother, Bob Kohler, led the entire event. We left on Friday night. On Saturday it began to rain and we were confronted with the dreaded "rainy day" alternative. Much to our dismay, all the events were held inside, which greatly diminished the day's enjoyment, not just for the scavenger hunt,



Leaders, chaperones and campers were saddened when the camp had to be sold to the state for a park. Cooper could no longer afford to maintain it and students by then were mobile and sought more sophisticated pleasures. Some old-timers fought the sale; others of us accepted it as an inevitable part of Cooper's evolution. Perhaps the student lounges and new residential hall now serve some of the functions that Green Camp once did.

MYRON KAYTON, EE '55

but for the field contests, too.

But the worst was yet to come. The rain continued throughout the day and into the evening. When the festivities were over, the visitors returned to their cars which were all parked on the open field. It was a swamp. There was no traction on the grass, so traveling the short distance to the paved road was impossible. Several tow trucks were called in and worked hours to extricate the cars.

It was a long day and night. Come Sunday and the group per-

formed all the cleanup chores. We were exhausted. In my many visits to Green Camp before or after that trip, I never encountered such severe weather. Now, with the hindsight of the decades, it was a fun-filled, memorable weekend.

HERB KLEIMAN, EE '57



A banner of turquoise, magenta, and yellow lights floated across the night sky. We stood watching as the colored spots traced a mazelike illusion by getting brighter and dimmer, changing direction, then speeding away in formation. We speculated that we had seen a UFO on reconnaissance, spying on our turf, yet no whir of engine sound was heard. The display was silent. And as odd as it sounds, others saw that New Jersey sighting, which found mention in public reports of unexplained phenomena.

That weekend lent itself to an innocents' circus of the occult. The next day, we dressed in black and visited the old cemetery to dance amidst the gravesites, read the inscriptions, and hunt for some semblance of meaning. We tried to move a lid of a vault. Failing that, we held a séance at dusk and raised the spirits of a three-year-old girl and her elderly aunt, both buried nearly in the 18th century. The sound of a yappy dog emanat-

ed from beneath the circular table around which we sat in a ring with joined hands, though no one had brought a pet. We all heard it.

The night sky over Green Camp opened my eyes to the heavens in another way, too. I remember the first night I walked a wooded trail toward the main building complex from one of Green Camp's lodges. I stood at the field's edge, immobilized, for I had never seen so many glittering stars in all my life. They imposed themselves in a majesty I had never fathomed, much less expected to see. I was in a group and the others urged me to venture on beneath that starry canopy and of course I did, but with shaky knees. (I grew up in NYC, essentially a ghetto kid. It had never ever dawned on me before that moment that there were so many stars!)

Since then, in the context of work (as a free-lance photojournalist) or pleasure, I've gazed at the night sky over the Pacific Ocean, in the Southern Hemisphere, in places like Puntas Arenas and Amazonia, over the Negev Desert and Magdalena, New Mexico. I've seen the streaks of light over Nova Scotia. Yet none of these views can diminish the awe I experienced as a young art student, pondering the skies over Green Camp. There, I saw something of possibility and the astonishment of a future.

KAREN KERSCHEN, ART '67

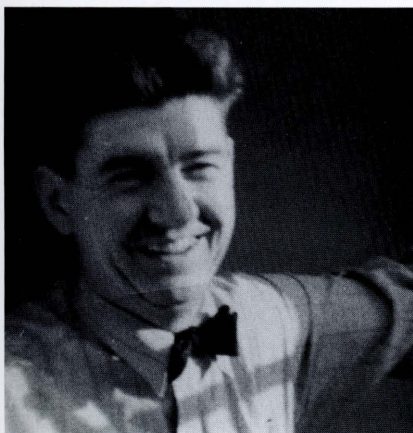
For a city kid in the 50s, the country of Green Camp was another world. It was clean, quiet, full of flora, fauna, stars and sky beyond belief. But beyond that, it gave us Cooperites a chance to share a warm intimate experience with our classmates. I will always remember our surveying course. It was one of the highlights of my Cooper Union experience! To paraphrase the great Professor Caldiero: "If I had my druthers, I'd get rid of some

those classrooms, build one big dormitory, and put everybody in it for four years—there's no better education than that!"

That time spent living and working together with my fellow students was a rich experience indeed. It all started with a wonderful Freshman Orientation weekend and the inimitable Professors Mary Blade and Richard Bowman. Then many weekends followed with nature, the week surveying at the end of the freshman year, summer outings, more weekends, and after graduation, alumni gatherings each fall.

Green Camp was a special place and I'm sure I'm not alone in my feeling that Cooper changed forever when it lost its country retreat.

ARTHUR KRAMER, ME '61



The day engineering students who started at The Cooper Union in September 1941, made extensive use of the Green Engineering Camp from the time we attended our first surveying class there until many of us left in mid-1943 for the various military services. I left July 1, 1943 for the Navy V-12 program and subsequently was graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, went to Annapolis to be commissioned as an Engineer Officer and served on a destroyer in the North Atlantic and on the Mediterranean Sea.

The many weekends we spent

at the camp were a welcome relief from the heavy school workload and continuous days in school without summer vacation. We went to the camp whenever we could, summer and winter. The usual mode of travel was to take the train to Ringwood and then Harry West, the camp superintendent, would pick us up at the station.

We brought our own food and cooked it, and it was usually good. However, it was a learning experience, too. There was the time we planned to make rice pudding. We started to boil the rice in a big pot, but then it expanded, so we had to put half of it in another big pot. The two pots continued to expand and we had to scramble to divide the rice again, using up all available large pots. We had rice pudding and rice at all the meals for the rest of that stay.

One of our groups came to the camp often. We called ourselves the "Wedgwood Society." The reason for the name has been lost in our 70-plus year old memories.

While at camp we were a self-contained society, with no contact with the outside world and hence lost track of the time of the day. We started eating dinner later and later, until we had dinner at 1 a.m. and breakfast at 2 p.m.—just a bunch of free-wheeling college kids getting free of all the regimentation of school life.

In June 1943, just before I entered the Navy V-12 program, a group of six of us worked at the camp during the surveying school program. We worked only when the professors and Harry West could find us, but we did get the job done. In order to keep the profs in line, a chart was established and hung up in the office. After each prof's name we put gold or black stars, depending upon how neat they kept their rooms (which minimized our work). The crowning event of the session occurred when we were cleaning up all the papers

left over from the surveying classes. We stuffed a big pile in the fireplace and lit it. However, the fire did not take off as expected, so we encouraged it by using the large tank vacuum cleaner as a forced draft blower. This really got the fire going. Flames shot out the top of the chimney for twenty feet.

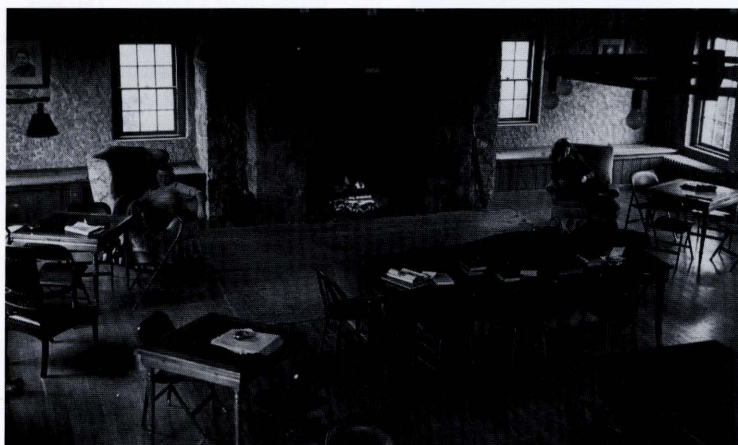
Harry West was over five miles away, and he saw the flame. He thought the whole camp was on fire. He came flying back and was not pleased with what those #\$\$@*! engineers had done!!!

Cooper Union did a great thing in establishing the camp. It gave us kids who lived at home and commuted to school some feel for college campus life and provided a welcome break from the drudgery of studying and attending classes and then hurrying home. All the fun was had without drugs and alcohol.

ROBERT C. LEFF, ME '44

orientation session held before classes ever started at the school. This pre-school exercise let me meet my fellow classmates and some instructors for several days, and dip my toes into college gently. Each meal table of about ten kids had a staff member as well as an upper classman who gave us the inside scoop on who was a good professor, what fraternities had to offer, what life was like on the Bowery campus, etc. The camp was extraordinary in its beauty and facilities. Boy, were we impressed.

The Camp complex consisted of several large and small buildings spread over many acres of manicured lawn with a beautiful stream flowing through the center of the area. Most of us will always remember the main lodge with its huge stone fireplace, with stuffed animal heads decorating the walls. It had a balcony area for a library and small tables for chess,



In addition to working our butts off, many of us added to the enjoyment of Cooper with the Green Engineering Camp. As a commuter school where most of us took subway trains to school every day (often followed by a part-time job to make ends meet), Green Camp offered us a taste of the sleep-away college campus with the associated fun of weekends away from the city.

The very first exposure to Green Camp was the freshman

games, etc. The floors were polished oak that encouraged you to take off your shoes and slide around, or lounge on the floor in front of the fire. Beyond the lounge were large, bright classroom areas with varnished knotty pine unique bench-tables. These were about 10 or 12 feet long, and were easy to move around to reconfigure the needs of the rooms for lecture, or student worktable needs. If you turned the bench on its side, you could seat about five

kids; rotate it back 90 degrees and it became a drafting type work table; really neat and functional.

The kitchen and dining areas were on the lower level of the main lodge, and I would guess could accommodate 200 hungry folks at a time when summer camp or orientation was in session.

The outlying buildings served as dormitories, administration lodging (named *Quercus Alba* for the oak tree next to it), etc. A separate building beyond the stream was called *Erskine Lodge*. This building served as a smaller dorm complete with its own small lounge, and was used, as I recall, mostly on the student weekend trips to separate the boys and girls dorms. The Rifle Club even had its own log cabin and rifle range.

Later on into the semester, after orientation session, we discovered that the students could elect a leader to organize weekend trips to *Green Camp* just for the fun of it. We collected a nominal amount of money for communal food (purchased by Mr. West and waiting for us), made up assignments for cooking, cleanup, etc., and headed out for a co-ed weekend of fun in *Ringwood, NJ*. It was relatively easy to get the guys from the engineering school for the weekends—getting gals from the art school was a little more of a problem. Of course, we enlisted the help of the male students at the art school to balance the trips. We discovered quickly that the art school guys were a zany, bright bunch, and it was great fun to have them along. As student leaders developed reputations for running good trips, it became easier and easier to fill up a mixed weekend roster, so that by the time we were seniors it was a snap to fill up a weekend trip to *Green Camp* at any season of the year. We would go on three or four trips a school year.

Alumni visits to the camp were organized, as were many field

days, where families could come up for picnics and games. A visit to nearby *Ringwood Manor Historic Museum* was memorable. They had huge cast iron chain links that the Americans had stretched across the Hudson to stop the British in the Revolutionary War. The whole area was steeped in history.

Of course the camp had academic purposes. I learned many practical things during the week-long surveying class. For example, never set out your plane table to take sightings under a tree where inchworms could provide their droppings on your plots. You would spend several hours laying out points on your map only to find that the inchworm droppings had covered your plot with hundreds of irrelevant “points!” If you tried to sweep away the extra “points” with your hand they smeared and left a swath of greenish black lines on your precious plot.

Another project that comes to mind in surveying is to plot an enclosed area of several acres and locates stakes at each point of the polygon. The trick was to get a minimum “error of closure” to the starting stake. I remember the horror of seeing Harry West’s tractor-drawn lawn mowing team descending on the field of carefully located stakes and chewing them up into toothpicks. Right then I knew I was not destined to become a surveyor or civil engineer.

In the summer the art students came up for classes in landscape painting, but the engineers could never attend those sessions.

On winter trips, we had the excitement of snow and tobogganing down the local hill next to Harry West’s residence. Every year he would plant little pine trees on the hill and every year we would crash into them. I can remember the day when I. Kalish (a future Cooper instructor in the EE Dept. and inventor of the CMOS semiconductor process), walked moan-

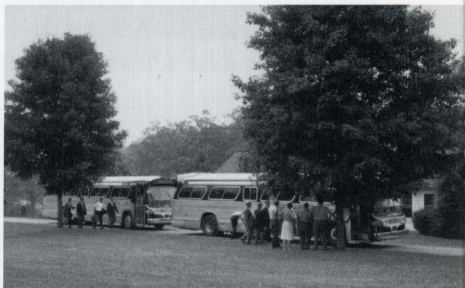
ing into the lodge with his Levi trousers split up the center. With four people interlocked on the toboggan he had made the mistake of trying to stop the speeding missile by digging his legs into the snow. His pants were pulverized by the strain. He walked bowlegged for weeks! That toboggan hill certainly had its share of accident victims. Shell Arnoff had one side of his face scraped off by the ice-covered snow after turning over the sled. I always thought it improved his looks, but he recovered.

In retrospect, there is one episode that comes to mind which was insulting to us as budding engineers. On a cold winter morning someone thought that it would be appropriate to raise the flag on the flagpole. So we all gathered round and hooked one corner of the flag to the rope shackle and began to haul it up the pole "to see who would salute." It's still hard for me to believe that none of the brilliant Cooperites realized that we had not attached the other end of the rope to the other corner of the flag to pull it down. It was nearly to the top before we saw the problem. What do city kids know about flag raising anyway? No amount of jiggling could get that flag down. If it were heavier, its own weight would pull it down, right? So we got the fire hose to wet it down and add the necessary weight. But the "head" of water pressure would not raise the stream of water high enough to douse the entire flag. So we "brilliant" engineers got a ladder and carried the fire hose up the ladder to wet down the flag, but still the water would not go high enough! (Where was the Physics Department to remind us that head pressure is head pressure, is head pressure and you can't boost the stream height by carrying the hose to a higher level?)

Suffice to say that we got soaked. The flag got a little spritz

of water (which promptly froze), whereupon the wind tore the frozen flag apart in strips and it looked like a Civil War battle flag. Despite hours of trying with fish hooks and ropes flung skyward, we never did get the flag down that day. We chipped in to have Mr. West hire a steeplejack to lower the flag after we returned to New York City and our theoretical studies.

One last story that sticks in my mind is the tale of bugging the girls' dormitory with a radio transmitter so we could hear their gossip at night. One bright EE taped a small homemade microphone pick-up to the windowpane of the girls' dorm. (I think this guy was drafted into the NSA after graduating from Cooper.) The men assembled in the main lounge after dark to listen in on the gals.



It sounded like a great prank, far intellectually superior to "panty raids," we thought. However, when the girls started tearing apart each guy it quickly became clear that it was no fun to really hear what the opposite sex thought about your looks or personality or clothing or brains, etc. Each fellow silently prayed that they would not bring his name up for discussion. It was a terribly humbling experience, and we never tried it again.

Green Camp gave training in leadership, self-discipline, responsibility, exposure to a much wider group of fellow students, and great friends whom we kept throughout the years. It was a wonderful experience.

I only feel sorry that the folks from the night school rarely could find time for this aspect of Cooper. My own brother went to Cooper's school of engineering for six years



at night, and never once had the time or energy on weekends to go to Green Camp.

It was a sad, sad day when financial considerations forced the administration of Cooper Union to sell that great facility. It was truly a "class act" operation. It added much to an already great institution.

PAUL HELLER, ME '53

PS: Here is a mimeographed memo, Circa 1954, found among my treasured souvenirs:

Hi! Forgive the ditto form, but it's the only practical way....

I don't know if you noticed, but the Alumni News announced that Green Camp would be open for alumni week-ends this summer. I've reserved the camp for July 7-9 and our group will have the entire camp facility (40 to 60 people). I think it would be a great relaxing weekend. Many people will be from the classes of '52, '53 and '54, but of course everyone is welcome!

The bad news: cost for the week-end will be \$12.50 a person or \$25.00 a couple. Of the \$12.50, \$5.00 is a contribution to the Green Camp (which had its budget cut last year and has been charging \$ 0.50 week-ends to students).

We hope to have enough money in the \$7.50 to hire a cook and dishwasher, so cleanup details will be at a minimum...There will be a meal Friday night, three on Saturday and two meals on Sunday.

Sorry, only Cooper grads, (with or without spouses in tow) are allowed to use camp facilities. Children of high school age and up are welcome. For us single folk, I will try to balance the number of fellows and gals!

Please, please...if you are going to come, send me your check just as soon as you can. I have to submit lists in two weeks along with food quantities, etc. and you can appreciate the need to get this thing organized quickly. Anything else, oh yes; the camp provides blankets, but you will have to bring linen. See you July 7th? P.H.



Weekends at Green Camp are among my most treasured memories at Cooper Union. The fresh openness of the outdoors after the confinements and constraints of a schedule that includes work, night school and commuting were, literally, a breath of fresh air.

The Great Hall with its huge fireplace, where we gathered to talk provided an unforgettable background to our camaraderie.

Even the large kitchen where we prepared meals and cleaned them up, was a special place. I remember one weekend when the person in charge of buying three green peppers made a mistake and showed up with three pounds of them. Everything we ate that weekend tasted like peppers!

Another time, cleaning up after a meal in the kitchen, someone in the group began singing "We are climbing Jacob's Ladder." We all joined together in a wonderful, spontaneous harmony.

Behind all our activities, day and night, if someone stopped to listen, was the peaceful unending sound of a stream and waterfall. I loved that sound. It inspired the following little verse, written some years later:

There was the sound the winter made,
Rushing the rapids down the grade.
A dampness and chill pervaded all,
from too early Spring or too late Fall.
When out of the darkening wood
we walked,
When we had sung; where we had talked.
During the swiftly passing day,
Songs that were sad, words that were gay.
And silence fell like a sudden shade.
To hear the sound that the water made.
I close my eyes and remember it all;
the night, the still wood, and the waterfall.

JEAN R. NELSON, ART '47



The article about Green Camp triggered a memory. Joe Iarussi, Walt Garrison and I--plus quite a few others--attended the first year in which Green Camp was in service--I think in 1941. It was four weeks of intensive surveying instruction. We night students could leave camp in the evenings. We'd pile into Walt's open Ford Model A touring sedan and go down the mountain to Sloatsburg for a few beers at the Sloatsburg Hotel.

GUS ERLEMANN, CE '48

So many wonderful people would never have met or shared so many joys had it not been for Green Camp. What fond memories are evoked! As an architectural freshman in the fall of 1955, I was bedazzled by the color of trees and their leaves, something a city boy without a family car, rarely got to see. And the friendships, the good times, they truly were "those days."

My wonderful wife of thirty-nine years and I would never have met. And our seven offspring and fourteen grandchildren may never have happened! Charlotte (nee Reuter, Art '58) was an evening art student and a day architecture student ('60). And so, too, for many of our closest friends, the late Dorothy Otto (Art) and William Caputi (Engineering), and Sylvia Zalite and Ralph Ranalli (California folks, both engineering). And friendships galore. Our fraternity, Alpha Phi Omega (then the Scouting-Service Fraternity), where art and architecture students actually joined with engineers. It was Ernie Potvin (Night Art) who introduced me to Charlotte—where else but the Big Kitchen at Green Camp (Love at first sight for me!). And for many years our children enjoyed the splendor and glory of that wonderful place until, alas, it was no longer part of Cooper Union.

Memories? So many! Meeting the President, Dr. Burdell in his home (in Washington Square) at a special reception to welcome new Student Leaders for Green Camp. I met Maggie Parker (and Bob Hand afterwards. Yes, Cooper Unions HAD a campus – so what if it was miles away in north Jersey. I remember Dr. Mary Blade, the new Director, who in her own special way had the great foresight and ability to permit students to experiment with leadership and grow in the socialization



process. She encouraged the learning of folk dancing to accommodate the inequity of males vis a vis females on weekends. We still dance to those melodies to this very day – what a great life-lasting experience.

Challenges! Well, *THE* big event I had the great fortune to initiate and successfully carry out....Jean Shepherd was the main man on “talk” radio in those days. He was the vicarious life of the college student who stayed up all night doing class projects. Seeking new ideas, Dr. Blade was puzzled when I asked, “How about Jean Shepherd?” Her colleagues were equally mystified. But I pursued and persevered, and got Jean to come up to Green Camp for a weekend! Now remember, the idea was to find ways to attract more students to go to Green Camp. My mother (in Brooklyn) was inundated with phone calls, begging for a place on the cold winter weekend—even offers to sleep in a tent because the accommodations limited the number we could allow, including faculty. On Saturday morning, I rode down with one of the guys who had a car to pick up Jean Shepherd at the studio after his show. Well, he told me, he had a “pinkish” Volvo given to him to drive by his sponsor and so I rode back to Ringwood with him, following the other guy. His odometer and speedometer weren’t working but he claimed to have suffi-

cient experience to guess his speed.

He not only stayed overnight, and had everyone enthralled with his incredible monologues and stories, but he was extremely observant, charming and hospitable to one and all. On Sunday I asked if he would talk about the weekend on his show, and he said he really couldn’t because it would set a precedent he probably could not handle.

Then, late Sunday evening, exhausted and drained after leading my first and most successful trip ever, I turned on the radio while I planned to work on my architectural project. Lo and behold—there was Jean Shepherd talking about this bunch of college kids, on a huge human pyramid in front of the great big fireplace, and a guy in the corner strumming a guitar and chanting “100 bottles of beer on the wall”.... Unbelievable! He WAS talking about his great weekend at Green Camp! What a thrill!



The weekends at Green Camp were wonderful opportunities for students from all walks of life and interests to get together with others in a most conducive environment for social intercourse. There was something there for everyone, something to do or not to do, the ability to relax or pursue a special interest (or person). Green Camp exuded warmth, charm and nostalgia.

When Mary Blade risked all by allowing coeds in the same building overnight, there were outcries from some of the neighbors. She resolved it by creating Resident Counselors, sort of peer chaperones, a novel idea at that time. Charlotte and I, now married and later raising children, were able to continue to be a part of that great place for many, many years in that role.

Mary Blade imposed responsibility upon the RCs as well as the student leaders, allowed them to find their own way in the spectacular surrounding of Green Camp. There were financial management and planning involved, i.e., establishing a menu, purchasing the food, arranging the travel methodology (car or chartered bus?), offering a program (or not), determining what activities were desired, there or nearby (e.g., horseback riding), who were to be invited, and what faculty could be asked (or would come), arranging the sleeping and living accommodations, anticipating weather conditions, and what to do in an emergency (accidents did happen). Reality in a nutshell!

we sat in the dark and waited for the unexpected students to come near the tombstone we camped upon. When they arrived, we turned on our flashlights under our chins and the screams and fright had everyone in a panic (for a few moments, at least).

Warm weather provided for more outdoor activity, sporting events, including swimming in the pond, and the most favorite of all, volleyball. Winter created ice skating on the nearby body of water by the Manor House, and for some, snowshoes and tracking. Mr. West, the caretaker, was always there to assist and facilitate the student leaders in their endeavors. What a great guy, and what a wonderful dog he always had at his side.

But perhaps the greatest of all was the ability to sit around and talk, in the warmth of the fireplace, or walk along the trails. Intellectual exchange and developments were always going on. And even discussions pertaining to religion and belief were always present. The Newman Club arranged weekends, as well as the Student Zionist Organization and Alpha Phi Omega and the many other frater-



And those ghostly nights at the nearby Manor Cemetery, where scary stories abounded and legends were created. I remember sitting with Joan Rose Gelbein one night with a blanket covering us as

nities that existed at Cooper Union. Some students even "koshered" the pots in the kitchen so that those who observed Kashruth could enjoy Green Camp, too!

Of course, the original objec-

tive was to provide opportunities primarily for the engineering students and give them a chance to actually get involved physically and experiment with engineering skills and techniques. But Mary Blade expanded that to the art students as well, providing for a Painting Week (and even invited us architecture students to come along and "sketch").

For many years, we came to Alumni Picnics and recaptured our fondness and love of Green Camp with our families. We spent one nostalgic Christmas at Green Camp with Dot and Bill Caputi and each family with their first child. I recall the snow, the sleds and sharing the great feeling of being someplace so very special and wonderful.

And all the great guitarists and folk singers, like Ron Spivack and Carl Zweben. What great voices! What great songs. Those were the days when songs could be understood and words said something. And everybody could join in, too, and did!

Then, suddenly, and with little warning—it was gone! No longer part of The Cooper Union. A heartrending decision somewhere, somehow tore away the very innards of the soul of The Cooper Union—the warmest spot between New York and New Jersey. Future students were to be forever denied the golden cherished days that we, their predecessors, had experienced at Green Camp in Ringwood, New Jersey.

It is said you cannot go back, and we have to wonder about that. Even driving past the vicinity of the Thruway interchange at Suffern leaves us wondering. So much has changed, as it has everywhere and with everything.

Is Green Camp still there? Has it been transformed into something else? Will it ever be considered once again as the "real" off-site

campus of The Cooper Union? Hey, even the buildings have changed in the city, so what can we truly expect?

On behalf of so many of us who reaped the benefit of the great experience of living and dreaming at Green Camp, we say thank you to all who made it possible. It is a memory we will always cherish. It will live on in our hearts and minds.

ALBERT SIMON, ARCH '60



I went to Green Camp for orientation in 1968, and fell in love with the place. I never knew that you could hike in the woods and feel so close to nature and so alive. I'd grown up in Brooklyn, and then commuted to school from my parents' suburban home. I went on many weekend trips during my freshman year. It was a great escape to be with my peers in such an idyllic setting. I was very shy, so it was exciting and slightly overwhelming to be surrounded by friendly faces, who often turned into good friends. We'd all stay up late in the big main building. There was a room with dusty stuffed animal heads and a big fireplace. That is where we watched Neil Armstrong on TV taking his steps on the moon, and where I first heard the Beatles' White Album. After Cusamano's drawing class, the only thing that kept me at Cooper Union was Green Camp.

Some trips were spent in the smaller buildings past the pond. In my sophomore year I was leader for a trip in one of them. The theme was bread baking. Mary, the girl who was demonstrating how to bake bread, met her future husband there. I was lucky enough to get a job in the kitchen the summer of '69, with my friend Judy Houghland. It was a rainy summer. Everything was damp. Our laundry was strung up in our tiny room for weeks and never dried. We heard there was some big concert in Woodstock, but we couldn't go.

It became less crucial to escape to Green Camp, but I still enjoyed a few trips there. I was sorry to hear later that it was being closed down.

REBECCA VICKI TAUB, ART '72

The norm was perhaps one weekend a year with a club, or some similar group, and a lot of students didn't do even that. Being there every other weekend was unthinkable. Actually, it was something I couldn't really afford, so Les and I would run trips (a lot of work, but no cost) or go along on other people's trips by offering to cook. Of course, I couldn't afford that much time either, became a marginal student, and took five years to finally graduate.

Even then, after graduation, I hadn't my fill of the place, and cozened Mary Blade into letting me run a two-week total-immersion Russian-language course at Green Camp...she was still a sucker for any cockamamie idea! And, for the next few years, Les and I would



Les Spielvogel and I were asked to run a Green Camp Christmas trip for the entire freshman class after we'd been at Cooper about four months in 1955. We were willing, but green as grass. About fifty or sixty freshmen actually came. There were some mild shenanigans (I know how mild, because I was leading them) and we were both barred from Green Camp for an entire year.

The Italian Food-Lover's trip was actually my first one back after the one-year exile. But after that I spent just about every other weekend at Green Camp, probably some sort of a record!

still drop by, surreptitiously, and spend an afternoon or an evening with whoever was there.

It was a really great place! There was never any drinking, any sex, any rough behavior or any serious injury that I ever saw. I seemed to spend my time in the kitchen, or outdoors, or in front of the fire singing folk songs. It did me, personally, a world of good, and I was sorry when the school closed it and sold the land.

For many of us, Green Camp was the only quasi-campus experience we had.

"When I came to Green Camp in 1955, we ate cheese sandwiches

and hamburgers; when I left, five years later, we had a four-star cuisine. Me! I did that! (Burp.)”

In 1955, the influence of GI Bill veterans was still evident at Green Camp. Very minimalist cooking, no better than C-rations... very mid-America, too. Friday night: cheese sandwiches... but wait, not even good cheese sandwiches! Two slices of Wonder bread, a smear of margarine and a slice of processed cheese.

Les Spielvogel and I changed that, but we were afraid to change the tradition too much. We kept the idea of bread and cheese, but transmogrified it into...Pizza! But, wait! Nor ordinary pizza! Hand-made, hand-tossed pizza made with fresh, yeasty dough and the richest, creamiest whey-dripping real mozzarella cheeses...fresh homemade tomato sauce from 100% imported Italian plum tomatoes, real olive oil, basil, fresh onions and garlic...pizza to die for!

Nobody actually died, but a few people thought it was the End of the World; it drew a lot of bad reaction. Really!

Mary Blade thought better food was an affront to the “idea” of the Green Camp experience...as if people who made and enjoyed fresh pizza were inferior to people who could scarf down a dry cheese sandwich. As if we were the barbarians, beating down the walls of Rome. I ask you! If you imagine a barbarian and a Roman, which one has the pizza?? Right!

“THE ITALIANS COOK THE FOOD,
THE JEWS WASH THE POTS”

Some time in the spring of 1956 a group of Italian-American engineering-student geniuses created the idea of an Italian Food-Lover’s Weekend. What an idea! It was an absolutely new creation, a concept surely new to Green Camp—not an affinity group “The Third Year

Mechanical Engineering Lab, Section A, Weekend,” but an Interest group! “People Who Are Zesty and Who Adore Cooking & Eating Italian Food at Green Camp for an Entire Weekend!!” Had that grown from the first big trip where Les and I served pizza? I hope so!

It was really the beginning of the end for a certain style of thinking that held that Cooper students had group identities and that it was “fun” to move the group to Green Camp for a weekend. It was the beginning of trip that appealed to a wide group of students, art students, engineering students, based on who we were as individuals.

Now, of course, I didn’t realize any of that at the time; I just knew that I liked Italian food, and I wangled a place on the weekend, with some difficulty, too. That’s when it



was explained to me that as a non-Italian, I was there as a scullery boy, to wash the pots--delighted to be there at all!

“A WHOLE ROASTED OX,
STUFFED WITH 500 POUNDS OF
SAUSAGES AND TRUFFLES”

No, that wasn’t the actual menu for Sunday lunch, but it was on that order. Something mythic, but the actual culinary high point of the weekend occurred on Friday night, replacing the traditional Friday night “snack,” Remember the dry cheese sandwich of the old days?

As a Jew (and member of the pot-washing class) I had no insight

into how my Italian-American classmates ate at home. I had no inkling that in many of their homes it was the fathers who cooked on Sunday. Or that the fathers had traditional, personal recipes that they had honed and improved over the years to levels of incredible delection. It just never occurred to me that when these guys said they'd bring something for Friday night, that they meant incredible secret delicacies!

I have never seen a spread like that again, ever. Each tray or platter was a family masterpiece, and there were thirty or more...it was breathtaking. I ate things I've never seen since, and loved 'em! I ate varieties of pizza that I could not have dreamt of. I think there may have been roasted pigeons. I know there were kidneys. I ate lungs-and-onions for the only time in my life! And, speaking as a pot-washer, since everything had been brought from home, there really wasn't that much washing-up to do afterward....

RENAISSANCE

After that first Italian Food-Lovers trip there were others, one a year, as I recall, but they were all run by non-Italians. I don't know why. Perhaps they just folded into all the other "food-lovers" weekends. The succeeding IFL weekends were wonderful, but with the emphasis on excessive menus. They were wonderful—the lasagne and manicotti and ravioli were wonderful, especially as the first courses of an eleven-course meal.

Once the dam was broken, pizza and bracirole replaced dry cheese sandwiches and sack lunches, and we never looked back. I had never before had access to a restaurant kitchen, and I loved it. The kitchen in the main building had huge pans, yards of counter space and big ovens...it was no



trouble at all to make a panful of baked apples for Saturday breakfast, with butter and sugar and cinnamon. The traditional breakfast had always been an individual box of cereal one morning and eggs the next...we'd make hot cereal, pancakes, omelets, French toast...it was a cinch! I loved that kitchen! I started to bake...I think I even made popovers once.

The first time I ever roasted a bird was at Green Camp, two twenty-six-pound turkeys. The birds were in the oven and we were on our way into Sloatsburg when I suddenly realized why most of the stuffing was left over, and why there were "no" giblets—Wait! Turn around!!" Took out the giblets, put in the stuffing, turned the ovens 100 degrees higher, and everything still came out on time.



*THE ALMIGHTY FIVE...ERR,
FOUR..DOLLARS*

Here's something interesting. Between 1955 and 1960, Les Spielvogel and I ran an awful lot of weekends, did a lot of cooking, and planned a lot of menus. The cost was always the same \$5.

That paid for Friday night snack, three meals on Saturday and two on Sunday, and we always took out our \$1 for whomever drove, to pay for gas and tolls, so it actually was all done on \$4. How did we do it? Prices weren't high. Milk was 21¢ a quart, but 19-1/2¢ by the case of 24 quarts. Cheese was 80¢ a pound, which was 5¢ a one-ounce slice. Hamburger was

"Non-matriculated, invited, opposite-gender guests"...? Back then it was the common phrase, and I can remember Mary Blade sitting stony-faced at an awful lot of Green Camp Advisory Committee meetings, staring straight ahead and intoning, over and over, "At this time, Green Camp is not prepared to offer hospitality to outside girls." It was my first experience with stonewalling. The issue was incredibly simple; guys wanted to invite their girlfriends to Green Camp for a weekend. And we couldn't. The Green Camp ethic was stern...neatly raked gravel paths...no alcohol whatsoever. Bring an armful of firewood with you to the fireplace...no sex.



49¢ at the Sloatsburg butcher shop (but it was horrible!) and 51¢ a pound at the supermarket up the road. But still, six hearty good meals were not easy to accomplish for \$4, even then. We did it by very careful shopping, price comparisons, and avoiding waste. We made nearly everything from scratch, and we were inventive. And, you know...I still am! Being a halfway decent and thrifty cook has stuck with me, while descriptive geometry has long since gone!

OUTSIDE GIRLS

Today, I'd be stuck for a way to render the concept of "outside girls" into acceptable speech...

Enjoy the outdoors...live on dry cheese sandwiches. (we got rid of the cheese sandwiches, at least!)

It was clear that Mary Blade was terrified that "outside girls"...girlfriends from outside Cooper Union, in other words...would bring with them some unimaginable social plague. Perhaps it would have, and had Green Camp existed much longer, perhaps the social forces of the era would have mandated "outside girls" and made Green Camp much more like other college campuses. Something to think about. But back then, in the late 50's, the official policy was, "At this time, Green Camp is not prepared to offer hospitality to outside girls." Sheesh!

THE GIANTEST KITE

About 40 years ago, more or less, a group of Cooper Union artists and engineers built a giant kite and flew it at Green Camp, la-dee-dah!

Sometime after the event I snapped on the radio, late at night, and caught Jean Shepherd, reading a letter, in that low breathy voice he had... "and I looked over my shoulder, and, and...the whole sky was filled, from horizon to horizon, with this giant...giant...translucent kite...!! And it filled the whole sky! Everywhere!! And then, suddenly, it started to collapse.."

"Oh, wow," I thought, "That's my letter!" "and...and...it was like the whole sky falling!!!" Yeah, that's what it was like, all right....



Some time the winter before, someone had said, "Let's build a kite!" and someone else had said, "Yeah, a really BIG one!" and the idea took off. It was decided that the right dimensions were 20 feet tall by 15 feet wide, an ordinary diamond kite, with a tail.

I don't know how easily present-day Cooper students gratify their whims, but back then we were strapped for money. However, the idea of a giant kite was so captivating that we were able to form a syndicate and raise \$7.20 for materials – two furring strips from a lumber yard on Spring Street, a huge roll of wrapping paper from the bookstore, and a quart of rubber cement.

Julia Papiroff offered her folks' living room to pasteup the paper covering...which meant carrying it on our shoulders up to 49th Street and back.

One fine spring day we got the parts up to Green Camp, spread the paper on a lawn – and then realized that the engineers would not be allowed to assemble the kite until the artists had first decorated it! A huge, huge polychrome dragon...very appropriate... a contest-winning dragon, in fact.

It took forever to rig the kite, and it was extremely fragile. Brice Davis very patiently turned an entire Sunday New York Times and a long piece of binder twine into a 30-yard tail, in proportion to the kite. Somebody took a final picture...Brice and Susan Lembeck steadied the kite on its tail...everyone else grabbed the string and ran with it... and I remember running and looking over my shoulder, and the whole sky was filled by this giant translucent kite...!

RICK WARREN, ME '60

As an inner city child, my first exposure to real nature was through Green Camp. Being of poor, working class parents who did not own a car, travel outside the city proper, or afford to send me to camp or the Boy Scouts, my field experience was limited to the "wilds" that were the subway-accessible beaches, parks and botanical gardens of New York City. You can imagine my shock and delight when I first ventured to orientation in the Ramapo Mountains and was led by some all-knowing upperclassmen through the deep, dark, virgin woods on the torturous trail leading to the spectacularly romantic "Suicide Ledge." So, in addition to the glimpses of all the marvelous interior worlds that were unfolding during the intense Cooper Union

Foundation year, the exterior deep natural connections afforded to me by the marvelous natural preserve and refuge of Green Camp will be with me always.

JACOB ALSPECTOR, ARCH '72

As a Cooper Union alumnus, I feel that Green Engineering Camp played a vital role in my personal development. The many pleasant memories I retain are an indication of its importance. The time spent at orientation camp (I was in the first group), the time spent on weekends (I was also in the first weekend group), the time spent as a cook for other groups, and the time spent for surveying camp all provided an opportunity for group activity in a rural atmosphere. Such activity was of great importance to young people brought up, like I was, in poor or modest circumstances in New York City.

J. A. CASAZZA, EE '44

Green Camp was an oasis for unwinding away from the grueling classwork at Cooper and the long-subway commute from home. We would reserve the Camp for spring break, winter break, leadership weekends, and any other open time we had. It was where the national game of 'fixed' charades was invented. You know, where everyone knows the answer except the person doing the charade. You watch them blow their brains out trying to get a simple thought across while their own teammates deliberately guess wrong. I remember Norman Perry crashing into the massive fireplace trying to act out "the charge of the light brigade" for his conspiring team. What fun!

All of my other memories of Green Camp were glorious. Except one--It was during Spring break in '48 and a bunch of leaders went to the camp for a week of fun and frolic. Many of the group were Cooper

Couples--ex-GI engineers married to art students. Our chaperones were Mary and Ellis Blade who hailed from Utah and were a little more square than we were used to. The first hint came when they wouldn't let the married couples share the same bedroom. And they had never seen matzohs before.



On our last night we had a great party which included dancing, singing and joke telling. My hero at the time was Milton Berle and I told one of his favorite jokes about how he was traveling near the Casbah and couldn't get any sleep at night because of the street peddlers outside of his hotel window, one shouting "Cashmere," another was hawking "Togas,"



and all night long all he heard was "Cashmere and Togas"--not to be confused with the Yiddish term 'cush mir in tuchas' which translates to 'kiss my behind.' Well, Al Normandia memorialized the joke by drawing it in color in the camp album along with some other events that took place that week.

When we returned to school a few days later, we were all summoned to Dr. Burdell's office and told that our actions and drawing had disgraced the school by being profane in two languages and he was therefore closing the Camp to student groups for the remainder of the term. Well, we all survived the temporary ban and went on to have many more fun-filled trips, but with other chaperones.

Finally, I will always remember the immortal poem written by Al Normandia on a sign in the Main Lodge bathroom:

*The plumbing chokes,
and so would you,
if paper towels you had to chew.*

With that as my mantra, I'll have no trouble always remembering Green Camp always.

WILLARD WARREN, EE '50

When I think of Green Camp, two stories spring instantly to mind. One is about discovering abstract expressionism and the other is a bout of unrequited love. The tale I'll tell is the abstract expressionist epiphany and, as I write, the other story will be whispering between the lines. Last night, rummaging through Green Camp memories, I returned there in my dreams. It was the spring painting trip--May or June of 1956. My dream opens in that vast social room with its long pew-like lounges--the dark walls sporting photos of previous camp occupants and up above hung hunting trophies. Mounted moose heads--who brought the feckless creatures there? Where did they go when the camp was sold? Are they now stored in the bowels of the Cooper-Hewitt with other treasures that were formerly our own? Wasn't there a glass cabinet filled with stuffed eagles and owls? Or does that come after 1970 when I returned to Cooper to teach?

On a bright spring day the in-

terior is gloomy, dust catching the light crossing in the large dark beamed expanse. Someone sits and plays the old upright (inevitably out-of-tune). He plays surprisingly well. Frustrated by the landscape, I've abandoned my painting and crept back in to listen. Earlier I'd been playing it too--tentatively sight reading from a yellowing old book of songs praising fields and meadows and lilting larks. I tried what Haydn my fingers could recall; for me the piano wasn't up for that. On grey rainy days or in the evenings the room grows more cheerful, filling with bodies, chatter and all levels of interaction and intrigue. Who sits next to whom (and who does not)? Who is playing chess and who is clowning for the crowd? A few sit in a group, drawing. Someone studiously reads Camus (or is that the smuggled copy of Lady Chatterly's Lover currently making the rounds)?

Daytime the walls peel off to fields and woods and barns and little bridges criss-crossing the river and connecting up the path that leads to the old frame building at the far edge of Main Camp where the girls are bedded--as far away as possible from the boys.

Going in the other direction, across the road from Main Camp, are the fields and lake and meadow you traverse to go to the Manor House with its orchard and gardens. And there's the house itself replete with antiques, displaying the proper and elegant life our Cockney founder came to enjoy by dint of his considerable genius.

Just as our education was Peter Cooper's gift to us, the spring painting trip was the third-year icing on the gift. For one thing, only a select portion of the fine art majors were invited. How we were chosen, I haven't a clue, but oh-what agony to be excluded.

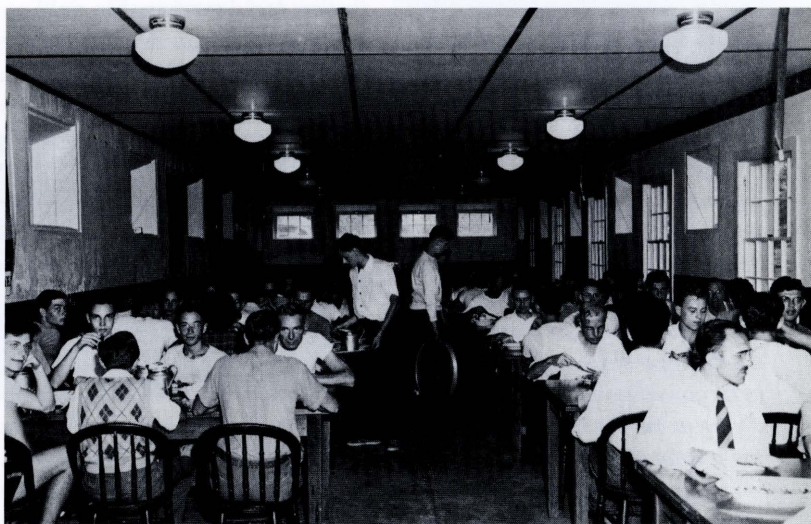
Of course we were all in a fever to

go, even if we had never before painted a landscape. Even if we hadn't a clue what to do and, being urban children, most of us had not.

Our first day was raw and rainy. We busied ourselves indoors preparing canvases and drawing. The next day continued chilly with only minor drizzle, so Alex Katz, who was our chaperone, together with Jean Cohen, turned harsh and sent us out-of-doors. "Don't paint the shadows blue or highlights yellow," said Alex. And there we were, confronting all those hills

only undertones of green.

I have a photo showing almost all of us assembled on the grass. There Alex Katz is lounging in the foreground, Jean Cohen smiling brightly over to one side. Mel Leipzig, tall and skinny in the back row, unexpectedly dapper, all in white. Al Mullin, our teacher, face in the shadow, inclining towards his son. Bobby Pincus, leaning forward, just off-center, puckishly agrin. Helen Sadowy, beautiful in black, over to the left. The print is out-of-focus, faces blurry, but in



and trees and grass and twigs and leaves and meadows and what on earth was one to make of it? No highlights blue, no shadows yellow? And all the rest of it redundantly green.

For three years we'd been taught the virtues of abstraction, of negative space and positive space, painting with a big broad brush and the Oswald color chips. I'd held out all the while for figuration. To draw, to represent was my persuasion. But now the muse of non-objective painting came to visit. For days I brushed and washed and painted on and painted out. For all that lovely week I painted sheer abstraction with no blue shadows and no yellow highlights, and

my mind the place and time are etched in steel. And the other story? Well, hopeless love is better left untold. And nothing happened, nothing really. But in my memory, the tale where nothing happened lingers on for all these years.

SUE FERGUSON GUSSOW, ART '56

It was my very first time away from home. I really adored Green Camp and was in an impassioned exalted state of mind while I was there. It was a time when I could make art--day and night, night and day. I remember how I would tie my canvases and stretchers in a bundle, strap my easel to my back and go out and make art--day and night, night and day.

AUDREY FLACK, ART '51

I was in the class of '43 but my attendance was interrupted by the War. I attended Green Camp in '40 and either '47 or '48. At the time the camp was used for classes in surveying. I remember that we city kids enjoyed the outdoors immensely. The days were spent in the field with our instruments and in the evenings we played ball or swam in the river, which had a low dam. The dam created a pool for swimming. We, in the exuberance of youth, frustrated some of the faculty by engaging in pranks. The Director held several disciplinary sessions. It was here that I heard for the first time that regulations exist as the result of prior excessive behavior.

The camp was lovely and living 24 hours a day with classmates engendered feelings of kinship. I can still remember a large field on which we played softball or touch football. I also remember a cat killing a bird on the field only to be cowed by a flock of swallows diving at the cat like p47s attacking a train in northern France.

I know that economics forced closure of the camp, but it would be great if future students had a camp for their use.

GEORGE M. SICULAR, CE '49

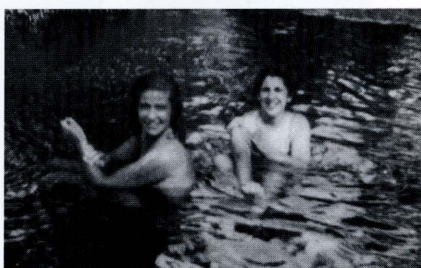
Green Camp made a great introduction to "da boys from Brooklyn" who had never been away from mamma for a whole week! I particularly remember Clint Hollinger and Barry Fersten, the jocks. They opened up a whole new world for the average city dweller who had never been on a horse, or ice skates for that matter!

The blot on the landscape for our Green Camp visit however, was the Cuban Missile crisis. As Krushchev fulminated, and Kennedy blustered, we were oh so thankful to be away from Ground Zero for a few days. It didn't dampen our

spirits, but lurked in the back of our minds that Brinkmanship was for the birds.

ALAN REPKO, CE '66

Green Camp was one of the wonders of Cooper Union for the art students who could take advantage of it in '43-46. I was lucky to be among the pioneer student groups on the fall, winter and spring weekend trips. These trips were organized and run by twenty or thirty students--artists and engineers combined, and chaperoned by wonderful teachers like Professor Dowden, Mr. Dingilian, Ms. Schutz, Doc Churchill, and Professor Petersen.



We students paid for and shopped for the food, planned the menus, cooked with the camp's institutional-sized pots and, at least once, had leftover spaghetti sauce sandwiches (the sauce made from a special secret Sicilian family recipe and too good to discard for the trip home).

I remember dipping toes and more in the brook on Green Camp property in warm weather and tobogganing in the snow. Neither of these activities were usual in Williamsburg, Brooklyn where I lived, so they were much appreciated. We even accepted a toboggan tipover into slush, sometimes resulting in sprained muscles or a frozen bottom.

Better still than the weekend trips were the painting trips--three wonderful weeks long. I confess that the orientation program tempted me to forget the whole thing.

There we learned that we had to beware of the ticks that could transmit Rocky Mountain spotted fever, copperheads and rattlesnakes that were native to the area, but harmless if avoided. Poison ivy was plentiful--it must be recognized and sidestepped. New Jersey mosquitoes were abundant and fierce.

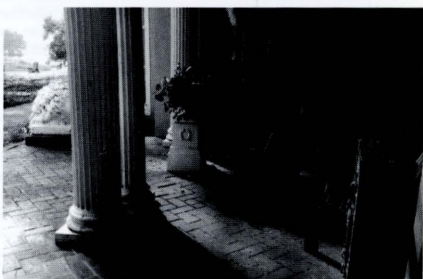
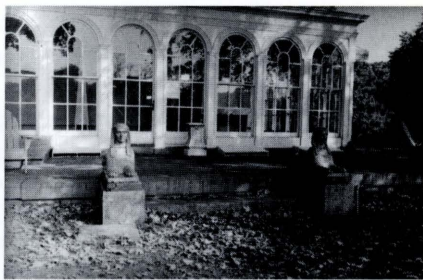
I escaped all of these hazards except for the mosquitoes, and I came prepared with a quart of poison ivy lotion, whatever it was, and thankfully I didn't need it.

Plein air painting, as it's called now, was a wonderful experience. Instructors Schutz--the mysterious and beautiful Ms. Schutz--and Mr. Dingilian, plus Mrs. D. and son, Steven, were good teachers and a pleasure to be with.

It's 1999 now, and I still see some of the 'oldie but goodie' friends from then, including participants in a romance developed in Green Camp which resulted in a fifty-plus-year long marriage and still going on.

And I am a not-so-young wife, mom of three, bubba of five, painter and teacher with many fond memories. And Green Camp remains one of my fondest. It was a fun place.

SHIRLEY VENIT ANGER, ART '46





GREEN ENGINEERING CAMP

WELCOME TO THE FRESHMAN ORIENTATION CAMP SESSION

September 14 - 17, 1953

SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES

Monday, September 14

- 10:00 Leave The Cooper Union by bus
- 12:30 Luncheon

GET ACQUAINTED SESSION

- 1:45 Dr. James N. Eastman, Associate Professor of Mathematics, Master of Ceremonies throughout Camp session.
Introduction of Staff Counselors and Upperclassmen.
Welcome to The Cooper Union — Professor Norman L. Towle, Dean of the School of Engineering.
Green Engineering Camp — Dr. J. M. Peterson, Camp Director and Professor of Chemical Engineering.
Organization of Recreational Program — Mr. Maurice Zarchen, Instructor in Physical Education and Assistant to the Camp Director.
- 3:30 Recreational Program.
Staff Counselors to meet with Professor Wallace at Erskine Lodge.
- 5:00 General Swim.
- 6:00 Supper.
- 8:00 The Tradition and Background of the Cooper Union — Dr. Edwin S. Burdell, President of The Cooper Union.
Alumni Speaker — Mr. Howard Silfin, graduate of the Day Mechanical Engineering Class of 1949.
Movies.
- 11:00 Lights out in Dormitory and silence.
- 12:00 Taps; lights out in Lounge area.

Second Day

COUNSELING AND PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT

Tuesday, September 15

- 7:00 Reveille.
- 7:25 Colors.
- 7:30 Breakfast — make beds — inspection of quarters.
- 8:45 Our Counseling Program — Dr. Vernon A. Wallace, Assistant Professor of Psychology and Student Relations Officer.
Our Health Program — Professor J. Clinton Hollinger, Assistant Professor of Physical Education and Director of Athletics.
- 9:30 Discussion with Counselors and Upperclassmen.
- 10:30 Manor House Visit — conducted by Dr. Burdell. General assembly in front of Lounge.
- 12:30 Luncheon.
- 2:00 General Assembly followed by group meetings with heads of engineering departments.
- 3:30 Recreational Program.
- 5:00 General Swim.
- 6:00 Supper.

THE COLLEGE AND THE COMMUNITY

- 7:30 Industrial and Student Relations at The Cooper Union — Professor Herbert F. Roemmele, Dean of Students and Industrial Relations Officer.
Cooper Union in the Community — Mr. Hayden Weller, Director of Public Relations.
Movies.
- 11:00 Lights out in Dormitory and silence.
- 12:00 Taps; lights out in Lounge area.

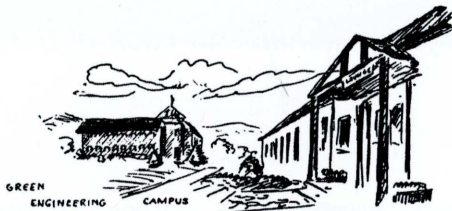
Fourth Day.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Thursday, September 17

- 7:00 Reveille.
- 7:25 Colors.
- 7:30 Breakfast — inspection of quarters.
- 9:00 Discussion of extra-curricular activities with Upperclassmen.
- 11:00 Freshman vs. Upperclassmen Exhibition Tug-O-War.
- 12:15 Dinner.
- 2:00 Freshman vs. Varsity Basketball Game.
- 3:30 Pack bags — "square away" dormitory.
- 4:00 Leave Camp by bus.

We hope you enjoy your stay at Camp



Third Day

THE ENGINEER AS AN INDIVIDUAL

Wednesday, September 16

- 7:00 Reveille.
- 7:25 Colors.
- 7:30 Breakfast — make beds — inspection of quarters.
- 9:00 "Imagination and Common Sense" — Keynote To An Identity As An Engineer.
Mr. Fred H. Linley, Jr.
Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co., Inc.
- 10:00 Assemble for hikes — Professor Mary F. Blade in charge
- 3:30 Free time and informal sports participation, including general swimming.
- 5:00 Supper.

ENTERTAINMENT NIGHT

- 6:30 Intrasquad basketball game.
- 8:00 Freshman entertainment—Professor Richard Bowman in charge.
- 11:00 Lights out in Dormitory and silence.
- 12:00 Taps; lights out in Lounge area.

CREDITS:

Our thanks to the following men and women for their stories, photographs, art and memories. The identification of all of the individuals in the multitude of photographs was literally impossible. Instead the editors and designers offer you an image of Green Camp--physically and filled with attendees over the years. Somewhere in one or more of the photos you'll find yourself, your friends and classmates, your past. Our deep gratitude for assistance to each of the following:

JACOB ALSPECTOR ARCH'72

SHIRLEY VENIT ANGER ART'46

GEORGE BARLETTA CE'59

MARY BLADE

ELEANOR BLAIR ART'69

AL BLAUSTEIN ART'47

LOTTE BLAUSTEIN ART'48

HAROLD BLUMBERG CE'47

MARY M. BONO ART'68

MARGARET BURNS ART'57

THOMAS BOUTIS ART'48

FRED BRANDES ART'69

WALTER BRAUN CHE.'42

LENORE EPSTEIN BROOKS ART'47

JOHN CASAZZA EE'44

ALEXANDER CHAJES CE'52

GEORGE L. CHOY PHYSICS'69

JOHN T. COLOMBO ME'49

COOPER UNION LIBRARY

COOPER UNION PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPT.

ALEXANDER DEMARAS ARCH'52

ELSIE DEITZ ART'47

LOUIS A. DIGERONIMO ARCH'65

ANNE OPHELIA DOWDEN

RAYMOND BAXTER DOWDEN

JON ELLENBOGEN ME'62

SAM ERDE CE'49

GUSTAV ERLEMANN CE'48

AUDREY FLACK ART'51

JEROME GARCHIK CE'65

SHIRLEY GELLER ART'44

IRWIN GOOEN

MURRAY GREENBERG EE'49

PEARL GREENBERG ART'48

SUE FERGUSON GUSSOW ART'56

ERICKA HAMBURG ART'69

JOHN HARRINGTON

SHEILA HEALY

PAUL HELLER ME'53

DAVID HIRSCH ARCH'67

ELINOR SCRIBMAN HITE ART'60

HARRY HOCHSTADT CHE'49

FRED HOUSLEY CE'49

WALTER ILLG CE'52

OLGA MARYSCHUK KANDEL ART'62

PETER KARSANOW EE'84

MYRON KAYTON ME'55

ALEX KATZ ART'49



PATRICK KEEFFE

BERNICE GREENWALD KEHOE ART'46

KAREN KERSCHEN ART'67

HERB KLEIMAN EE'57

ARTHUR KRAMER ME'61

HERB KULIK EE'49

D. G. LAGANA

MARY LEFF ART'44

ROBERT C. LEFF ME'44

HERBERT LUBITZ CHE'53

J. MEULLER'S STUDIO

JEAN R. NELSON ART'47

MARY ANN NICHOLS ART'68

ALPHONSE NORMANDIA ART'48

WALTER OETTINGER ME'53

ALAN REPKO CHE'66

REUEL-CONLEY STUDIO

ROBERT RINDLER ARCH'70

HERBERT ROSENTHAL ART'54

IRVING SCHILD ART'56

S. J. SCHULMAN CE'49

STANLEY SELIGSON

GLORIA SENERES ART'48

GEORGE M. SICULAR CE'49

AL SIMON ARCH'60

ARLINE SIMON ART'48

WILLIAM SIMMONS

SKYVIEW

A. F. SOZIO

LESTER Q. SPIELVOGEL ME'59

DONALD E. STERN ARCH'52

DAVID STEPHENS

KAREN SUBEK-MANTIO ART'74

REBECCA TAUB ART'72

HERBERT TEPLIN

DONALD TOMAN EE'55

ROGER C. TUCKER III ART'74

RICK WARREN ME'60

WILLARD WARREN EE'50

EMANUEL WEINER CE'54

GERALD WEISS EE'43

RONALD WEINSTEIN CE'67

HARRY WEST, JR.

SCOTT WILSON ART'76

AL ZALON ART'48

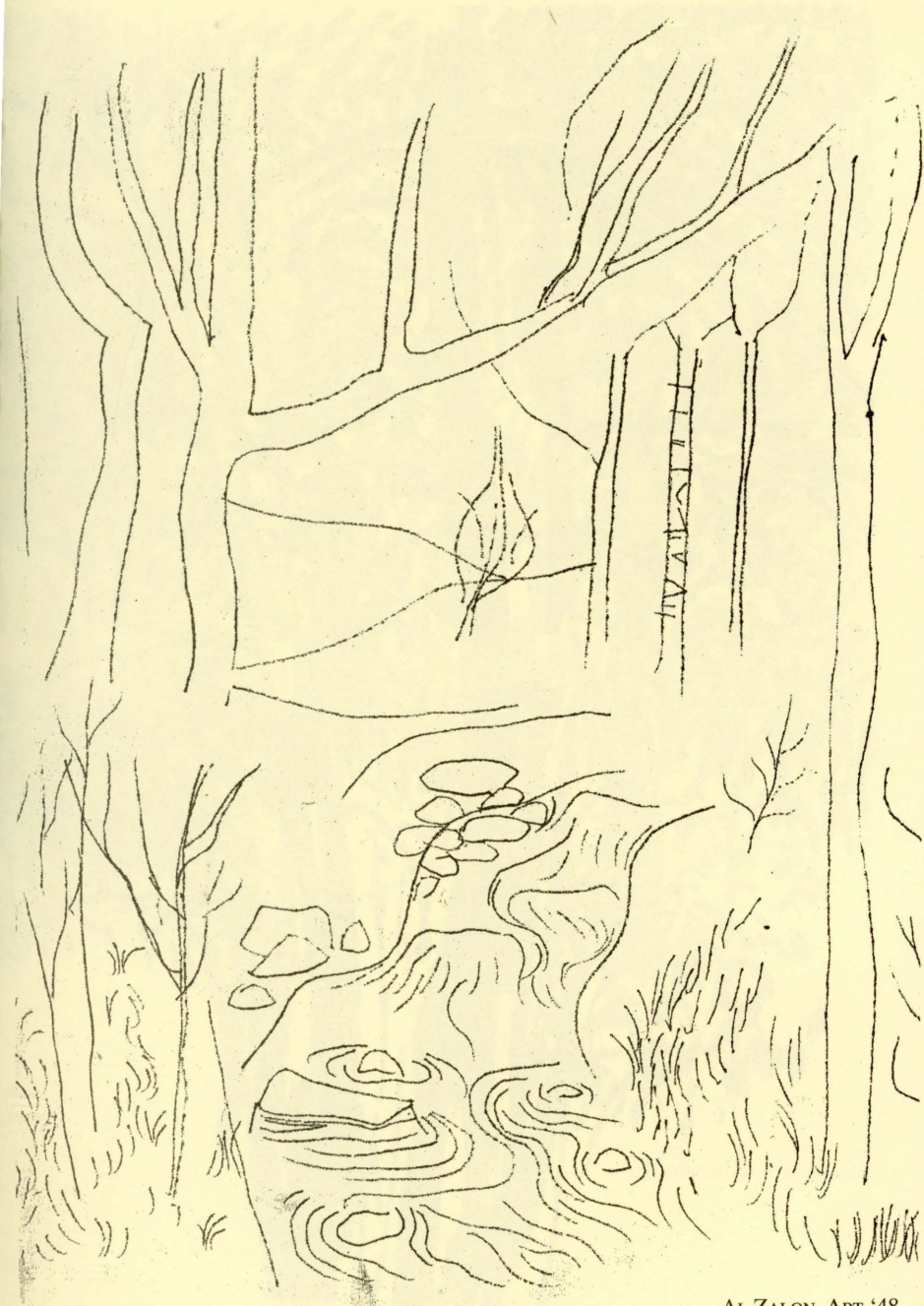
J. A. ZAGOR

ARTHUR ZIGAS ME'44

SHIRLEY JAHR ZULES ART'48

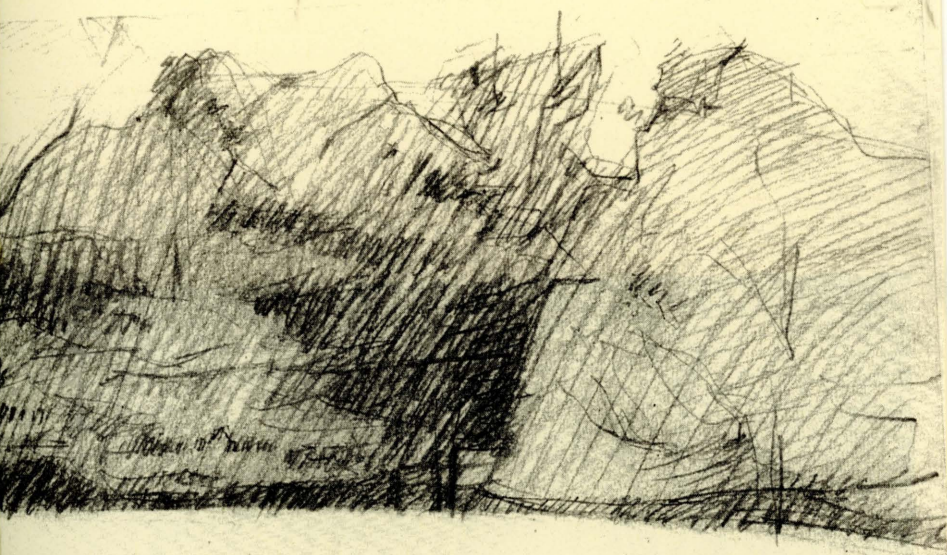


When the editors asked a few alumni for a drawing done twenty to fifty years ago at Green Camp, it was amazing how quickly the art was found. Here, as well as in a few other places throughout the book, is a sprinkling of work produced during the painting trips, on weekend visits, and by a beloved art professor, Raymond Baxter Dowden.





R.B.D.



SUE FERGUSON GUSSOW, ART '56



RAYMOND BAXTER DOWDEN



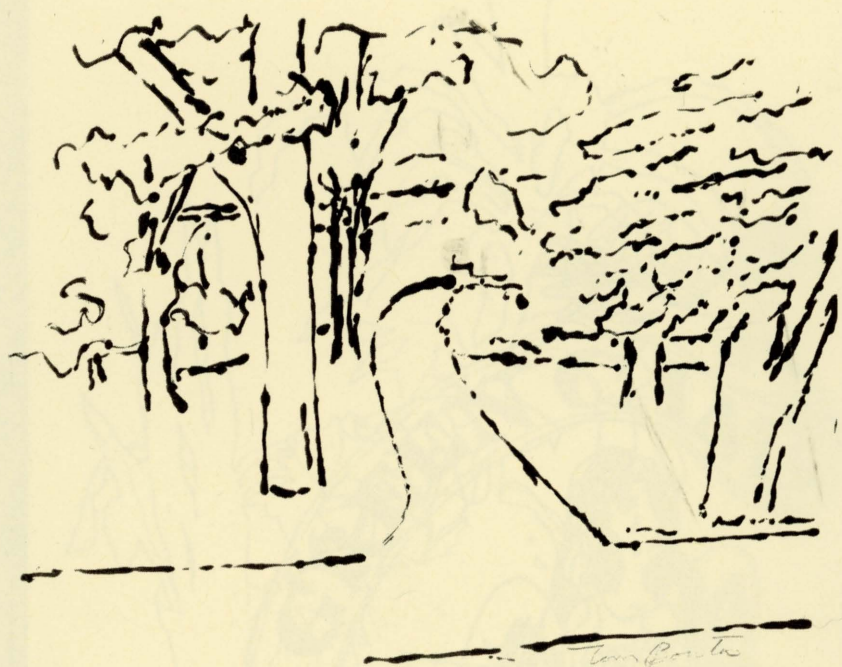


AL BLAUSTEIN, ART '47

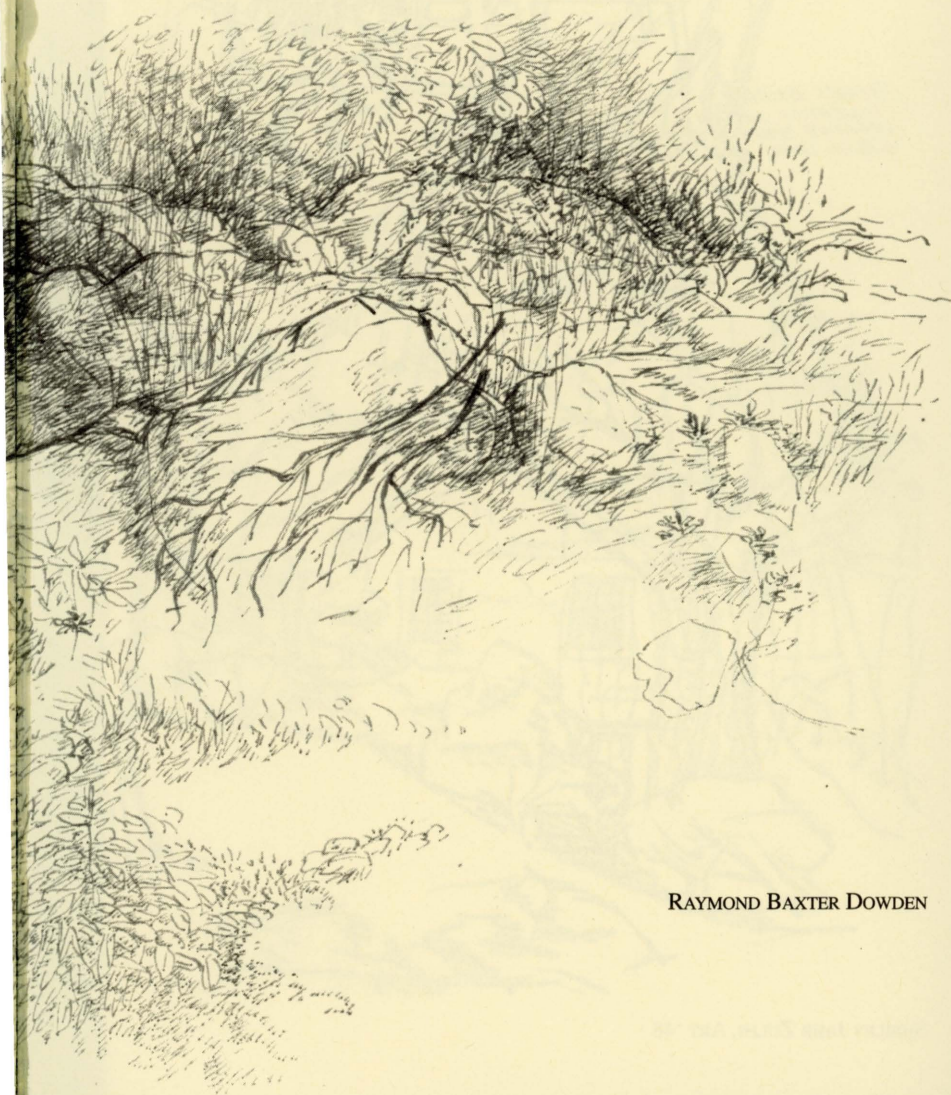


LOTTE HEILBRUNN BLAUSTEIN, ART '48





TOM BOUTIS, ART '48

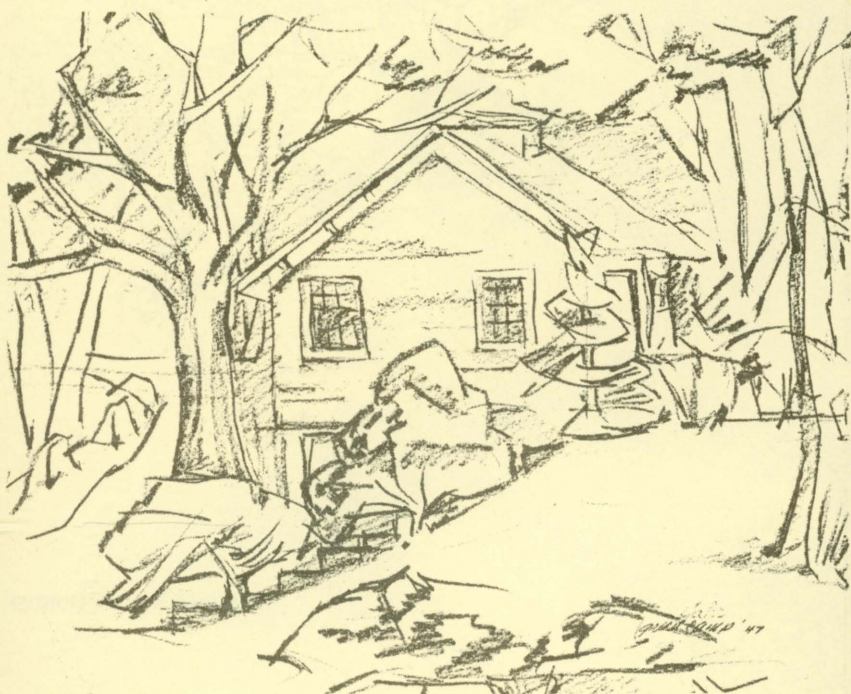


RAYMOND BAXTER DOWDEN



ROBERT RINDLER
FOUNDATION SECTION C
NEGATIVE SPACE STUDY
GREEN CAMP FALL 1965

ROBERT RINDLER, ARCH '70



SHIRLEY JAHR ZULES, ART '48







